

ENGLISH PROSE YESTERDAY AND TODAY

EDITED BY

ALI AMEER, M.A.

Queen's College, Benares

[SPECIMEN COPY—NOT FOR SALE]

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PREFACE

"Of making many books there is no end"
And the only justification for these selections is my belief that they are especially adapted to the needs of the students of modern English prose

My own experience as a teacher, extending over twelve years now, has been my guide. I have invariably found, during all these years, that nothing bores the student more than the dull chronological order of the essays beginning with Bacon and ending with Alpha of the Plough. At this stage he refuses to believe that Sir Thomas Browne, or, for the matter of that, any other classic is of any use. He refuses to sympathise with any thing (matter or form) that is quaint or curious, and would resent everything that is not fresh and interesting.

The true essay begins with the nineteenth century, which is the age of the essay as it is the age of the lyric. These selections, therefore, cover a very limited range in a little over a century. It is needless to apologise for the omission of many distinguished names in English Literature. They are too great

(and some of them too old) to be included in these selections

It is hoped that the introduction into this volume of pieces dealing with oriental classics will be especially appreciated and welcomed. For, while reading these, the student will not be handicapped by a remote and unfamiliar background and atmosphere

Only a few necessary notes have been added at the end. But, since the Indian student generally possesses very few books of his own, references have generally been given in full

In making these selections I have considerably profited by the valuable suggestions of my esteemed friend, and colleague Pandit Jagdish Prasad Dube, M.A., without whose generous help this little volume would not have assumed its present shape

ALI AMEER

QUEEN'S COLLEGE BENARES

December 11, 1933

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LORD MACAULAY

THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS

It was dark before the jury retired to consider of their verdict. The night was a night of intense anxiety. Some letters are extant which were despatched during that period of suspense and which have therefore an interest of a peculiar kind. "It is very late," wrote the Papal Nuncio, "and the decision is not yet known. The Judges and the culprits have gone to their own homes. The jury remain together. To-morrow we shall learn the event of this great struggle."

The solicitor for the Bishops sat up all night with a body of servants on the stairs leading to the room where the jury was consulting. It was absolutely necessary to watch the officers who watched the doors, for those officers were supposed to be in the interest of the crown, and might, if not carefully observed, have furnished a courtly jurymen with food, which would have enabled him to starve out the other eleven. Strict guard was therefore kept. Not even a candle to light a pipe was permitted to enter. Some basins of water for washing were suffered to pass at about four in the morning. The jurymen, raging with thirst, soon lapped up the whole. Great numbers of people walked the neighbouring streets till dawn. Every hour a messenger came from Whitehall

to know what was passing. Voices, high in altercation, were repeatedly heard within the room but nothing certain was known.

At first nine were for acquitting and three for convicting. Two of the minority soon gave way, but Arnold was obstinate. Thomas Austin, a country gentleman of great estate, who had paid close attention to the evidence and speeches, and had taken full notes, wished to argue the question. Arnold declined. He was not used, he doggedly said, to reasoning and debating. His conscience was not satisfied, and he should not acquit the Bishop. "If you come to that," said Austin, "look at me. I am the largest and strongest of the twelve, and before I find such a petition as this a libel, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe." It was six in the morning before Arnold yielded. It was soon known that the jury were agreed but what the verdict would be was still a secret.

At ten the court again met. The crowd was greater than ever. The jury appeared in their box, and there was a breathless stillness.

Sir Samuel Astry spoke. "Do you find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of the misdemeanour whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?" Sir Roger Langley answered, "Not guilty." As the words passed his lips, Halifax sprang up and waved his hat. At that signal, benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack, and in another moment the innumerable throng without se-

up a third huzzá, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gun powder was heard on the water, and another, and another, and so in a few moments, the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge, and to the forest masts below. As the news spread, streets and squares, market places and coffee-houses, broke forth into acclamations. Yet were the acclamations less strange than the weeping. For the feelings of men had been wound up to such a point that at length the stern English nature, so little used to outward signs of emotion, gave way, and thousands sobbed for very joy. Meanwhile, from the outskirts of the multitude, horsemen were spurring off to bear along all the great roads intelligence of the victory of our Church and nation. Yet not even that astounding explosion could awe the bitter and intrepid spirit of the solicitor. Striving to make himself heard above the din, he called on the judges to commit those who had violated, by clamour, the dignity of a court of justice. One of the rejoicing populace was seized. But the tribunal felt that it would be absurd to punish a single individual for an offence common to hundreds of thousands, and dismissed him with a gentle reprimand.

It was vain to think of passing at that moment to any other business. Indeed the roar of the multitude was such that, for half an hour, scarcely a word could be heard in court. Williams got to his coach amidst a tempest of hisses and curses. Cartwright, whose curiosity was ungovernable, had been guilty of

the folly and indecency of coming to Westminster in order to hear the decision. He was recognised by his sacerdotal garb and by his corpulent figure, and was hooted through the hall. "Take care," said one, "of the wolf in sheep's clothing." "Make room," cried another, "for the man with the Pope in his belly."

The acquitted prelates took refuge from the crowd which implored their blessing in the nearest chapel where divine service was performing. Many churches were open on that morning throughout the capital, and many pious persons repaired thither. The bells of all the parishes of the city and liberties were ringing. The jury meanwhile could scarcely make their way out of the hall. They were forced to shake hands with hundreds. "God bless you," cried the people. "God prosper your families, you have done like honest good-natured gentlemen, you have saved us all today." As the noblemen who had appeared to support the good cause drove off, they flung from their carriage windows handfuls of money, and bade the crowd drink to the health of the King, the Bishops, and the jury.

The attorney went with the tidings to Sunderland, who happened to be conversing with the Nuncio. "Never," said Powis, "within man's memory, have there been such shouts and such tears of joy as today." The King had that morning visited the camp on Hounslow Heath. Sunderland instantly sent a courier thither with the news. James was in Lord Feversham's tent when the express arrived. He was greatly disturbed, and exclaimed in French, "So much the worse for them." He soon set out for

London While he was present respect prevented the soldiers from giving a loose to their feelings, but he had scarcely quitted the camp when he heard a great shouting behind him He was surprised, and asked what that uproar meant 'Nothing,' was the answer 'The soldiers are glad that the bishops are acquitted' 'Do you call that nothing?' said James And then he repeated, 'So much the worse for them'

E. V. LUCAS

TIGHT CORNERS

The talk was running on the critical situations in which we had found ourselves—those of us whose lives were adventurous enough to comprise any

One man had been caught by the tide in Brittany and escaped by the skin of his teeth. Another had been on an elephant when a wounded tiger charged at it. A third had been on the top storey of a burning house. A fourth was torpedoed in the War

"But you all talk," said one of the company, "as though tight corners were always physical affairs. Surely they can be tighter when they are mental. The tightest corner I was ever in was at Christie's."

"Christie's?"

"Yes, I had been lunching rather well at a club in St. James's Street with an old friend from abroad, and, passing along King Street afterwards, he persuaded me to look in at the sale room. The place was full. They were selling Barbizon pictures, and getting tremendous sums for each—two thousand, three thousand, for little bits of things—forest scenes, pools at evening, shepherdesses, the regular subjects. No thing went as low as three figures at all. Well, we watched for a little while and then I found myself—bidding to—just for fun. I had exactly sixty-three

pounds in the bank and not enough securities to borrow five hundred on, and here I was nodding away to the auctioneer like a bloater.

"'You'll get caught,' my friend said to me

"'No, I shan't,' I said 'I'm not going to run any risks'

'And for a long time I didn't. And then a picture was put up and a short red-faced man in a new top hat—some well known dealer—who had bought quite a number, electrified the room by starting the bidding at a figure a little higher than any that he had yet given or that anything had reached. Although the previous lots had run into four figures they had all been modestly started at fifty guineas or a hundred guineas, with a gradual crescendo to which I had often been a safe contributor. But no sooner was the new picture displayed than the dealer made his sensational bid 'Four thousand guineas,' he said.

'There was a rustle of excitement, and at the end of it I heard my own voice saying, 'And fifty'

"A terrible silence followed, during which the auctioneer looked inquiringly first at the opener and then at the company generally. To my surprise and horror the red-faced dealer gave no sign of life. I realized now, as I ought to have done at first, that he had shot his bolt.

'Four thousand and fifty guineas offered,' said the auctioneer, again searching the room.

"My heart stopped, my blood congealed. There was no sound but a curious smothered noise from my friend.

"'Four thousand and fifty guineas Any advance on four thousand and fifty guineas'"—and the hammer fell

'That was a nice pickle to be in! Here was I, with sixty three pounds in the world and not five hundred pounds' worth of securities, the purchaser of a picture which I didn't want, for four thousand and fifty guineas, the top price of the day Turning for some kindly support to my friend I found that he had left me, but not, as I feared at the moment, from baseness, but, as I afterwards discovered, in order to find a remote place in which to lean against the wall and laugh

"Stunned and dazed as I was, I pulled myself together sufficiently to hand my card, nonchalantly (I hope), to the clerk who came for the millionaire collector's name, and then I set to pondering on the problem what to do next Picture after picture was put up and sold, but I saw none of them I was running over the names of uncles and other persons from whom it might be possible to borrow, but wasn't, wondering if the moneylenders who talk so glibly about 'note of hand only' really mean it, speculating on the possibility of confessing my poverty to one of Christie's staff and having the picture put up again Perhaps that was the best way—and yet how could I do it after all the other bids I had made? The staff looked so prosperous and unsympathetic, and no one would believe it was a mistake. A genuine mistake of such a kind would have been rectified at once

'Meanwhile the sale came to an end and I stood

on the outskirts of the little knot of buyers round the desk who were writing cheques and giving instructions. Naturally I preferred to be the last. It was there that I was joined by my friend, but only for a moment, for upon a look at my face he rammed his handkerchief in his mouth and again disappeared. Alone I was to dree this awful weired. I have never felt such a fool or had colder feet. I believe I should have welcomed a firing party.

"And then the unexpected happened, and I realized that a career of rectitude sometimes has rewards beyond the mere consciousness of virtue. A voice at my ear suddenly said, 'Beg pardon, Sir, but was you the gent that bought the big Daubigny?'

'I admitted it.

'Well, the gent who offered four thousand guineas wants to know if you'll take fifty guineas for your bid.'

"If ever a messenger of the high gods was a green baize apron and spoke in husky Cockney tones this was he. I could have embraced him and wept for joy. Would I take fifty guineas? Why, I would have taken fifty farthings.

'But how near the surface and ready, even in the best of us, is wordly guile! 'Is that the most he would offer?' I had the presence of mind to ask.

"'It's not for me to say,' he replied. 'No 'arm in trying for a bit more, is there?'

"'Tell him I'll take a hundred,' I said.

And I got it.

"When I found my friend I was laughing too,

but he became grave at once on seeing the cheque

" 'Well, I'm hanged!' he said 'Of all the luck! Well, I'm hanged!'

'Then he said, 'Don't forget that if it hadn't been for me you wouldn't have come into Christie's at all'

'I shall never forget it,' I said 'Nor your deplorable mirth Both are indelibly branded in letters of fire on my heart My hair hasn't gone white, has it?'"

THOMAS WOODROW WILSON

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Extract from an Address of President Wilson

MAY 27, 1916

This Great War that broke so suddenly upon the world two years ago, and which has swept within its flame so great a part of the civilised world has affected us very profoundly, and we are not only at liberty, it is perhaps our duty, to speak very frankly of it and of the great interests of civilisation which it affects

With its causes and its objects we are not concerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore. But so great a flood spread far and wide to every quarter of the globe, has of necessity engulfed many a fair province of right that lies very near to us.

Our own rights as a nation, the liberties, the privileges, and the property of our people have been profoundly affected. We are not mere disconnected lookers on.

The longer the war lasts the more deeply do we become concerned that it should be brought to an end and the world be permitted to resume its normal life and course again. And when it does come to an end we shall be as much concerned as the nations at war

to see peace assume an aspect of permanence, give promise of days from which the anxiety of uncertainty shall be lifted, bring some assurance that peace and war shall always hereafter be reckoned part of the common interest of mankind

We are participants, whether we would or not, in the life of the world. The interests of all nations are our own also. We are partners with the rest. What affects mankind is inevitably our affair as well as the affair of the nations of Europe and of Asia.

One observation on the cause of the present war we are at liberty to make, and to make it may throw some light forward on the future as well as backward upon the past. It is plain that this war could have come only as it did, suddenly and out of secret counsels, without warning to the world without discussion, without any of deliberate movements of the counsel with which it would seem natural to approach so stupendous a contest.

It is probable that if it could have been foreseen just what would happen, just what alliances would be formed just what forces arrayed against one another, those who brought the great contest on would have been glad to substitute conference for force.

If we ourselves had been afforded some opportunity to apprise the belligerents of the attitude which would be our duty to take, of the policies and practices against which we would feel bound to use all our moral and economic strength and in certain circumstances even our physical strength also, our own contribution to the counsel which might have averted

the struggle would have been considered worth weighing and regarding

An the lesson which the shock of being taken by surprise in a matter so deeply vital to all the nations of the world has made poignantly clear is that the peace of the world must hence forth depend upon a new and more wholesome diplomacy

Only when the great nations of the world have reached some sort of agreement as to what they hold to be fundamental to their common interest, and as to feasible method of acting in concert when any nation or group of nations seeks to disturb those fundamental things, can we feel that civilisation is at last in a way of justifying its existence and claiming to be finally established

It is clear that nations must in the future be governed by the same high code of honour that we demand of individuals

We must, indeed, in the very same breath with which we now thus conviction admit that we have ourselves upon occasion in the past been offenders against the law of diplomacy which we thus forecast but our conviction is not the less clear, but rather the more clear on that account

If this war had accomplished nothing else for the benefit of the world, it had at least discoloured a great moral necessity and set forward the thinking of the statesmen of the world by a whole age

Repeated utterances of the leading statesmen of most of the great nations now engaged in war have made it plain that their thought has come to this, that the principle of public right must henceforth

take precedence over the individual interests of particular nations, and that the nations of the world must in some way band themselves together to see that that right prevails as against any sort of selfish aggression, that henceforth alliance must not be set up against alliance, understanding against understanding, but that there must be a common agreement for a common object, and that at the heart of that common object must lie the inviolable rights of peoples and of mankind

The nations of the world have become each other's neighbours. It is to their interest that they should understand each other. In order that they may understand each other, it is imperative that they should agree to co-operation in a common cause, and that they should so act that the guiding principle of that common cause shall be even handed and impartial justice.

This is undoubtedly the thought of America. This is what we ourselves will say when there comes proper occasion to say it. In the dealings of nations with one another arbitrary force must be rejected, and we must move forward to the thought of the modern world, the thought of which peace is the very atmosphere. That thought constitutes a chief part of the passionate conviction of America.

We believe these fundamental things *first*, that every people has a right to choose the sovereignty under which they shall live. Like other nations, we have ourselves no doubt once and again offended against that principle when for a little while controlled by selfish passion, as our franker historians have

been honourable enough to admit, but it has become more and more our rule of life and action. Second, that the small states of the world have a right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that great and powerful nations expect and insist upon. And, third, that the world has a right to be free from every disturbance of its peace that has its origin in aggression and disregard of the rights of peoples and nations.

So sincerely do we believe in these things that I am sure that I speak the mind and wish of the people of America when I say that the people of the United States is willing to become a partner in any feasible association of nations formed in order to realise these objects and make them secure against violation.

There is nothing that the United States wants for itself that any other nation has. We are willing, on the contrary, to limit ourselves along with them to a prescribed course of duty and respect for the rights of others which will check any selfish passion of our own, as it will check any aggressive impulse on theirs.

If it should ever be our privilege to suggest or initiate a movement for peace among the nations now at war, I am sure that the people of the United States would wish their government to move along these lines.

First, such a settlement with regard to their own immediate interests as the belligerents may agree upon. We have nothing material of any kind to ask for ourselves, and we are quite aware that we are in no sense or degree parties of the present quarrel. Our interest is only in peace and its future guarantees.

Second, a universal association of the nations to maintain the inviolable security of the highway of the seas for the common and unhindered use of all nations of the world, and to prevent any war begun either contrary to treaty covenants or without warning and full submission of the causes to the opinion of the world—a virtual guarantee of territorial integrity and political independence

H. G. WELLS

THE JUNGLE

One night when he was in India the spirit of adventure came upon Benham. He had gone with Kepple, of the forestry department, into the jungle country in the hills above the Tapti. He had been very anxious to see something of that aspect of Indian life, and he had snatched at the chance Kepple had given him. But they had scarcely started before the expedition was brought to an end by an accident, Kepple was thrown by a pony and his ankle broken. He and Benham bandaged it as well as they could, and a litter was sent for, and meanwhile they had to wait in the camp that was to have been the centre of their jungle raids. The second day of this waiting was worse for Kepple than the first, and he suffered much from the pressure of this amateurish bandaging. In the evening Benham got cool water from the well and rearranged things better, the two men dined and smoked under their thatched roof beneath the big banyan, and then Kepple, tired out by his day of pain, was carried to his tent. Presently he fell asleep and Benham was left to himself.

Now that the heat was over he found himself quite indisposed to sleep. He felt full of life and anxious for happenings. He went back and sat down upon the iron bedstead beneath the banyan that

Kepple had lain upon through the day, and he watched the soft immensity of the Indian night swallow up the last lingering colours of the world. It left the outlines, it obliterated nothing, but it stripped off the superficial reality of things. The moon was full and high overhead, and the light had not so much gone as changed from definition and the blazing glitter and reflections of solidity to a translucent and unsubstantial clearness. The jungle that bordered the little encampment north, south, and west seemed to have crept a little nearer, enriched itself with blackness, taken to itself voices.

(Surely it had been silent during the day.)

A warm, faintly scented breeze just stirred the dead grass and the leaves. In the day the air had been still.

Immediately after the sunset there had been a great crying of peacocks in the distance, but that was over now, the crickets, however, were still noisy, and a persistent sound had become predominant, an industrious unmistakable sound, a sound that took his mind back to England, in midsummer. It was like a watchman's rattle—a nightjar!

So there were nightjars here in India, too! One might have expected something less familiar. And then came another cry from far away over the heat-strippd tree-tops, a less familiar cry. It was repeated. Was that perhaps some craving leopard, a tiger cat, a panther—?

"Hunt, Hunt", that might be a deer.

Then suddenly an angry chattering came from the dark trees quite close at hand. A monkey? . .

These great, scarce visible, sweeping movements through the air were bats . . .

Of course, the day jungle is the jungle asleep. This was its waking hour. Now the deer were arising from their forms, the bears creeping out of their dens amidst the rocks and blundering down the gullies, the tigers and panthers and jungle cats stalking noiselessly from their lairs in the grass. Countless creatures that had hidden from the heat and pitiless exposure of the day stood now awake and alertly intent upon their purposes, grazed or sought water, flitting delicately through the moonlight and shadows. The jungle was awakening. Again Benham heard that sound like the belling of a stage.

This was the real life of the jungle, this night life, into which man did not go. Here he was on the verge of the world that for all the stuffed trophies of the sportsman and the specimens of the naturalist is still almost as unknown as if it was upon another planet. What intruders men are, what foreigners in the life of this ancient system!

He looked over his shoulder, and there were two little tents, one that sheltered Kepple, and one that awaited him, and beyond, in an irregular line, glowed the ruddy smoky fires of the men. One or two turbaned figures still flitted about, and there was a voice—low, monotonous—it must have been telling a tale. Further, sighing and stirring ever and again, were tethered beasts, and then a great pale space of moon light and the clumsy outlines of the village well. The clustering village itself slept in darkness beyond the mango trees, and still remoter the black encircling

jungle closed in. One might have fancied this was the encampment of newly come invaders, were it not for the larger villages that are overgrown with thickets and altogether swallowed up again in the wilderness and for the deserted temples that are found rent asunder by the roots of trees and the ancient embankments that hold water only for the drinking of the sambar deer.

Benham turned his face to the dim jungle again.

He had come far out of his way to visit this strange wood of the ancient life, that now recedes and dwindles before our new civilization, that seems fated to shrivel up and pass altogether before the dry advance of physical science and material organization. He was full of unsatisfied curiosities about its fierce hungers and passions, its fear and cruelties its instincts and its well nigh incommunicable and yet most precious understandings. He had long ceased to believe that the wild beast is wholly evil, and safety and plenty the ultimate good for men.

Perhaps he would never get nearer to this mysterious jungle life than he was now.

It was intolerably tantalizing that it should be so close at hand and so inaccessible.

As Benham sat brooding over his disappointment the moon, swimming on through the still circle of the hours, passed slowly over him. The lights and shadows about him changed by imperceptible gradations, and a long pale alley, where the native cart track drove into the forest, opened slowly out of the darkness, slowly broadened, slowly lengthened. It

opened out to him with a quality of invitation .

There was the jungle before him Was it after all so inaccessible?

'Come!' the road said to him

Benham rose and walked out a few paces into the moonlight and stood motionless

Was he afraid?

Even now some hungry watchful monster might lurk in yonder shadows, watching with infinite still patience Kepple had told him how they would sit still for hours—staring unblinkingly as cats stare at a fire—and then crouch to advance Beneath the shrill overtone of the nightjars, what noiseless grey shapes, what deep breathings and cracklings and creepings might there not be?

Was he afraid?

That question determined him to go

He hesitated whether he should take a gun A stick? A gun, he knew was a dangerous thing to an inexperienced man No! He would go now, even as he was, with empty hands At least he would go as far as the end of that band of moonlight If for no other reason than because he was afraid

Now!

For a moment it seemed to him as though his feet were too heavy to lift, and then, hands in pockets, khaki-clad, an almost invisible figure, he strolled to wards the cart track

Come to that, he halted for a moment to regard the distant fires of the men No one would miss him They would think he was in his tent He faced the stirring quiet ahead The cart track was a

rutted path of soft, warm sand, on which he went almost noiselessly. A bird squabbled for an instant in a thicket. A great white owl floated like a flake of moonlight across the track and vanished without a sound among the trees.

Along the moonlit path went Benham, and when he passed near trees his footsteps became noisy with the rustle and crash of dead leaves. The jungle was full of moonlight, twigs, branches, creepers, grass clumps came out acutely vivid. The trees and bushes stood in pools of darkness, and beyond were pale stretches of misty moonshine and big rocks shining with an unearthly lustre. Things seemed to be clear and yet uncertain. It was as if they dissolved or retired a little and then returned to solidity.

A sudden chattering broke out overhead, and black across the great stars soared a flying squirrel and caught a twig and ran for shelter. A second hesitated in a tree top and pursued. They chased each other and vanished abruptly. He forgot his sense of insecurity in the interest of these active little silhouettes. And he noted how much bigger and more wonderful the stars can look when one sees them through interlacing branches.

Ahead was darkness but not so dark when he came to it that the track was invisible. He was at the limit of his intention but now he saw that that had been a childish project. He would go on, he would walk right into the jungle. His first disinclination was conquered and the soft intoxication of the sub-tropical moonshine was in his blood. But he wished he could walk as a spirit walks, without this

noise of leaves

Yes, this was very wonderful and beautiful, and there must always be jungles for men to walk in. Always there must be jungles.

Some small beast snarled and bolted from under his feet. He stopped sharply. He had come into a darkness under great boughs and now he stood still as the little creatures scuttled away. Beyond the track emerged into a dizzying whiteness.

In the stillness he could hear the deer belling again in the distance, and then came a fuss of monkeys in a group of trees near at hand. He remained still until this had died away into mutterings.

Then on the verge of movement he was startled by a ripe mango that slipped from its stalk and fell out of the trees and struck his hand. It took a little time to understand that, and then he laughed, and his muscles relaxed, and he went on again.

A thorn caught at him and he disentangled himself.

He crossed the open space and the moon was like a great shield of light spread out above him. All the world seemed swimming in its radiance. The stars were like lamps in a mist of silvery blue.

The track led him on across white open spaces of shrivelled grass and sand, amidst trees where shadows made black patternings upon the silver, and then it plunged into obscurities. For a time it lifted, and then on one hand the bush fell away, and he saw across a vast moonlit valley wide undulations of open cultivation, belts of jungle, copses, and a great lake as black as ebony. For a time the path ran thus open,

rutted path of soft, warm sand on which he went almost noiselessly. A bird squabbled for an instant in a thicket. A great white owl floated like a flake of moonlight across the track and vanished without a sound among the trees.

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Ahead was darkness, but not so dark when he came to it that the track was invisible. He was at the limit of his intention, but now he saw that that had been a childish project. He would go on, he would walk right into the jungle. His first disinclination was conquered, and the soft intoxication of the sub-tropical moonshine was in his blood. But he wished he could walk as a spirit walks, without this

noise of leaves

Yes, this was very wonderful and beautiful, and there must always be jungles for men to walk in. Always there must be jungles.

Some small beast snarled and bolted from under his feet. He stopped sharply. He had come into a darkness under great boughs, and now he stood still as the little creatures scuttled away. Beyond the track emerged into a dazzling whiteness.

In the stillness he could hear the deer belling again in the distance, and then came a fuss of monkeys in a group of trees near at hand. He remained still until this had died away into mutterings.

Then on the verge of movement he was startled by a ripe mango that slipped from its stalk and fell out of the trees and struck his hand. It took a little time to understand that, and then he laughed, and his muscles relaxed, and he went on again.

A thorn caught at him and he disentangled himself.

He crossed the open space, and the moon was like a great shield of light spread out above him. All the world seemed swimming in its radiance. The stars were like lamps in a mist of silvery blue.

The track led him on across white open spaces of shrivelled grass and sand, amidst trees where shadows made black patternings upon the silver, and then it plunged into obscurities. For a time it lifted, and then on one hand the bush fell away, and he saw across a vast moonlit valley wide undulations of open cultivation, belts of jungle, copses, and a great lake as black as ebony. For a time the path ran thus open,

value the jungle as he values the precipice, for the sake of his manhood? Will he preserve it?

Man must keep hard, man must also keep fierce
Will the jungle keep him fierce?

For life, thought Benham, there must be insecurity

He had missed the track

He was now in a second ravine. He was going downward, walking on silvery sand amidst great boulders, and now there was a new sound in the air — It was the croaking of frogs. Ahead was a solitary gleam. He was approaching a jungle pool.

Suddenly the stillness was alive, in a panic uproar.

"Honk!" cried a great voice, and "HONK!" There was a clatter of hoofs, a wild rush—a rush as it seemed towards him. Was he being charged? He backed against a rock. A great pale shape leaped by him, an antlered shape. It was a herd of big deer bolting suddenly out of the stillness. He heard the swish and smash of their retreat grow distant, disperse. He remained standing with his back to the rock.

Slowly the strophe and antistrophe of frogs and gort-suckers resumed possession of his consciousness. But now some primitive instinct perhaps, or some subconscious intimation of danger, made him meticulously noiseless.

He went on down a winding sound deadening path of sand towards the drinking-place. He came to a wide white place that was almost level, and beyond

it under clustering pile stemmed trees shone the mirror surface of some ancient tank, and, sharp and black, a dog-like beast sat on its tail in the midst of this space, started convulsively and went slinking into the under growth. Benhur paused for a moment and then walked out softly into the light, and, behold! as if it were to meet him came a monster, vast dark shape drawing itself lengthily out of the blackness, and stopped with a start as if it had been instantly changed to stone.

It had stopped with one paw advanced. Its striped mask was light and dark grey in the moon light grey but faintly tinged with ruddiness, its mouth was a little open, its fangs and a pendant of viscous saliva shone vivid. Its great round pupilled eyes regarded him steadfastly. At last the nightmare of Benhur's childhood had come true, and he was face to face with a tiger, uncaged, uncontrolled.

For some moments neither moved, neither the beast nor the man. They stood face to face, each perhaps with an equal astonishment, motionless and soundless in that mad Indian moonlight that makes all things like a dream.

Benhur stood quite motionless and body and mind had halted together. That confrontation had an interminableness that had nothing to do with the actual passage of time. Then some tickle of his previous thoughts stirred in the frozen quiet of his mind.

He spoke hoarsely. "I am Man," he said, and

lifted a hand as he spoke "The Thought of the world"

His heart leaped within him as the tiger moved. But the great beast went sideways, gardant, only that its head was low. Three noiseless instantaneous strides it made, and stood again watching him.

"Man," he said, in a voice that had no sound, and took a step forward.

"Wough!" With two bounds the monster had become a great grey streak that crinkled and rustled in the shadows of the trees. And then it had vanished, become invisible and inaudible with a kind of instantaneousness.

For some seconds or some minutes Benham stood rigid, fearlessly expectant, and then far away up the ravine he heard the deer repeat their cry of alarm, and understood with a new wisdom that the tiger had passed among them and was gone.

He walked on towards the deserted tank, and now he was talking aloud.

"I understand the jungle. I understand. If a few men die here, what matter? There are worse deaths than being killed."

"What is this fool's trap of security?"

"Every time in my life that I have fled from security I have fled from death."

"Let men stew in their cities if they will. It is in the lonely places, in jungles and mountains, in snows and fires, in the still observatories and the silent laboratories, in those secret and dangerous places where life probes into life, it is there that the masters of the world, the lords of the beast, the rebel

sons of Fate come to their own

'You sleeping away there in the cities! Do you know what it means for you that I am here to-night?

'Do you know what it means to you?

"I am just one—just the precursor

'Presently if you will not budge, those hot cities, must be burnt about you. You must come out of them."

He wandered now uttering his thoughts as they came to him, and he saw no more living creatures because they fled and hid before the sound of his voice. He wandered until the moon, larger now and yellow tinged, was low between the black bars of the tree stems. And then it sank very suddenly behind a hill spur and the light faded swiftly.

He stumbled and went with difficulty. He could go no further among those rocks and ravines, and he sat down at the foot of a tree to wait for day.

He sat very still indeed.

A great stillness came over the world, a velvet silence that wrapped about him, as the velvet shadows wrapped about him. The corncrakes had ceased, all the sounds and stir of animal life had died away, the breeze had fallen. A drowning comfort took possession of him. He grew more placid and more placid still. He was enormously content to find that fear had fled before him and was gone. He drifted into the state of mind when one thinks without ideas, when one's mind is like a starless sky, serene and empty.

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Some hours later Benham found that the trees and rocks were growing visible again, and he saw a very bright star that he knew must be Lucifer rising amidst the black branches. He was sitting upon a rock at the foot of a slender-stemmed leafless tree. He had been asleep and it was daybreak. Everything was coldly clear and colourless.

He must have slept soundly.

He heard a cock crow, and another answer—jungle fowl these must be, because there could be no village within earshot—and then far away and bringing back memories of terraced houses and ripe walled gardens, was the scream of peacocks. And some invisible bird was making a hollow beating sound among the trees near at hand. *Tunk Tunk*, and out of the dry grass came a twittering.

There was a green light in the east that grew stronger, and the stars after their magnitudes were dissolving in the blue, only a few remained faintly visible. The sound of birds increased. Through the trees he saw towering up a great mauve thing like the back of a monster—but that was nonsense, it was the crest of a steep hillside covered with woods of teak.

He stood up and stretched himself, and wondered whether he had dreamed of a tiger.

He tried to remember and retrace the course of his over night wanderings.

A flight of emerald parrakeets tore screaming through the trees, and then far away uphill he heard the creaking of a cart.

He followed the hint of a footman, and went

back up the glen slowly and thoughtfully

Presently he came to a familiar place, a group of trees, a sheet of water, and the ruins of an old embankment. It was the ancient tank of his overnight encounter. The pool of his dream?

With doubt still in his mind, he walked round its margin to the sandy level beyond, and cast about and sought intently, and at last found, and then found clearly, imposed upon the tracks of several sorts of deer and the footprints of many biggish birds, first the great spoor of the tiger and then his own. Here the beast had halted, and here it had leapt aside. Here his own footmarks stopped. Here his heels had come together.

It had been no dream.

There was a white mist upon the water of the old tank like the bloom upon a plum, and the trees about it seemed smaller and the sand-space wider and rougher than they had seemed in the moonshine. Then the ground had looked like a floor of frosted silver.

And thence he went on upward through the fresh morning, until just as the east grew red with sunrise, he reached the cart track from which he had strayed over night. It was, he found, a longer way back to the camp than he remembered it to be. Perhaps he had struck the path further along. It curved about and went up and down and crossed three ravines. At last he came to that trampled place of littered white blossom under great trees where he had seen the bears.

The sunlight went before him in a sheaf of golden

spears, and his shadow that was at first limitless, crept towards his feet. The dev had gone from the dead grass and the sand was hot to his dry boots before he came back into the open space about the great banran and the tents. And Kepple, refreshed by a night's rest and coffee, was wondering loudly where the devil he had gone.

A. CLUTTON BROCK

ON FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is above reason, for, though you find virtues in a friend, he was your friend before you found them. It is a gift that we offer because we must, to give it as the reward to virtue would be to set a price upon it, and those who do that have no friendship to give. If you choose your friends on the ground that you are virtuous and want virtuous company, you are no nearer to true friendship than if you choose them for commercial reasons. Besides, who are you that you should be setting a price upon your friendship? It is enough for any man that he has the divine power of making friends, and he must leave it to that power to determine who his friends shall be. For, though you may choose the virtuous to be your friends, they may not choose you, indeed, friendship cannot grow where there is any calculated choice. It comes, like sleep, when you are not thinking about it, and you should be grateful, without any misgiving, when it comes.

So no man who knows what friendship is ever gave up a friend because he turns out to be disreputable. His only reason for giving up a friend is that he has ceased to care for him, and, when that happens, he should reproach himself for this mortal poverty of affection, not the friend for having proved unworthy. For it is in human presumption to

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are perfect, and when the illusion passes there is an end of their friendship. But true friendship has no illusions, for it reaches to that part of man's nature that is beyond his imperfections, and in doing so it takes all of them for granted. It does not even assume that he is better than other men for there is egotism in assuming that. A man is your friend, not because of his superiorities, but because there is something open from your nature to his, a way that is closed between you and most men. You and he understand each other as the phrase is: your relation with him is a rare success among a multitude of failures, and if you are proud of the success you should be ashamed of the failure.

There is nothing so fatal to friendship as this egotism of accounting for it by some superiority in the friend. If you do that you will become a member of a set, all, in their assertion of each others' merits, implying their own, and all uneasy lest they are giving more than they get. For if you insist upon the virtues of your friend, you expect him to insist upon your virtues and there is a competition between you which makes friendship a burden rather than a rest. Criticism then becomes a treachery, for it implies that you are beginning to doubt those superiorities upon which your friendship is supposed to be based. But when no superiorities are assumed, criticism is only the exercise of a natural curiosity. It is because a man is your friend and you like him so much and know him so well that you are curious about him. You are in fact an expert upon him and like to show your expert knowledge. And you are an expert be

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LEWIS CARROLL

A MAD TEA PARTY

Alice had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the left hand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high, even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself 'Suppose it should be raving mad after all! I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead!'

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were resting their elbows on it and talking over its head. 'Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse,' thought Alice, 'only as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind.'

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. 'No room! No room!' they cried out when they saw Alice coming. 'There's *plenty* of room!' said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

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"Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as I get what I like!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It is the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about riddles and writing desks which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said turning to Alice, he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, "The fourth."

'Two days wrong!' sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled. "You shouldn't have put it in with the bread knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily; then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again, but he could think of nothing

better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know"

"Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity 'What a funny watch!' she remarked 'It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!'

Why should it?" muttered the Hatter "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

'Of course not," Alice replied very readily "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together"

'Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled The Hatter's remark seemed to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on to its nose

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course, just what I was going to remark myself"

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" that Hatter said, turning to Alice again

"No, I give it up," Alice replied 'what's the answer?"

'I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter

'Nor I," said the March Hare

Alice sighed wearily "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than waste it asking riddles that have no answers"

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the

Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it* It's *him* "

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music "

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter "He won't stand beating Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half past one, time for dinner! "

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know "

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter "but you could keep it to half past one as long as you liked "

"Is that the way you manage?" Alice asked

The Hatter shook his head mournfully "Not I!" he replied "We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know—" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare),—"it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

"Twinkle, twinkle little bat!

How I wonder what you're at!"
you know the song, perhaps?"

so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then, turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said "It was a treacle well."

"There is no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went on "Sh! Sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked "If you can't be civil you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said. "I won't interrupt again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter. "Let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him; the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again,

so she began very cautiously "But I don't understand Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water well," said the Hatter, "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse, "—well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for sometime without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy, "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M . . ."

"Why with *in* M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on "—that begins with an M, such as mouse traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think——"

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked

off, the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going.

"At any rate I'll never go there again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

lished through the audiences that witnessed¹ their representation sometime before they were published as things to be read, and they were published in this scenical mode of publication with much more effect than they could have had as books, during ages of costly copying or of costly printing

Books, therefore, do not suggest an idea so extensive and interchangeable with the idea of literature, since much literature, scenic, forensic, or didactic (as from lecturers and public orators), may never come into books, and much that *does* come into books may connect itself with no literary interest² But a far more important correction, applicable to the common vague idea of literature, is to be sought—not so much

¹ Charles I, for example, when Prince of Wales, and many others in his father's court, gained their known familiarity with Shakespeare—not through the original quartos, so slenderly diffused, nor through the first folio of 1623, but through the court representations of his chief dramas at Whitehall

² What are called *The Blue Books*, by which title are understood the folio Reports issued every session of Parliament by committees of the two Houses, and stitched into blue covers—though often sneered at by the ignorant as so much waste paper, will be acknowledged gratefully by those who have used them diligently, as the main well-heads of all accurate information as to the Great Britain of this day As an immense depository of faithful (*and not superannuated*) statistics, they are indispensable to the honest student But no man would therefore class the *Blue Books* as literature.

in a better definition of literature, as in a sharper distinction of the two function which it fulfils. In that great social organ, which, collectively, we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend and often *do* so, but capable, severally, of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is, first, the literature of *knowledge*, and, secondly the literature of *power*. The function of the first is—to *teach*, the function of the second is—to *move*, the first is a rudder, the second, in our or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding the second speaks ultimately, it may happen to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel towards an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls *dry* light but, proximately, it does and must operate, else it ceases to be a literature of *power*, on and through that *humid* light which clothes itself in the mists and glittering *iris* of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature, as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honourable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth, which *can* occupy a very high place in human interests, that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds. It exists eternally by

upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. All the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth. whereas, the very first step in power is a flight—is an ascending movement into another element where earth is forgotten.

Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it recombines these elements in the mimicries of poetry, romance, etc., it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually drop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contradistinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. It is concerned with what is highest in man, for the scriptures themselves never condescended to deal by suggestion or co-operation, with the mere discursive understanding. when speaking of man in his intellectual capacity, the Scriptures speak not of the understanding, but of '*understanding heart*'—making the heart i.e., the great *intuitive* (or non-discursive) organ, to be the interchangeable formula for man in his highest state of capacity for the infinite. Tragedy, romance, fairy tale, or epopee, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else (left to the support of daily life in its realities) would languish for want of sufficient illustration. What is meant,

for instance, by *poetic justice*?—It does not mean a justice that differs by its objects from the ordinary justice of human jurisprudence, for then it must be confessedly a very bad kind of justice, but it means a justice that differs from common forensic justice by the degree in which it *attains* its object, a justice that is more omnipotent over its own ends, as dealing—not with the refractory elements of earthly life—but with the elements of its own creation, and with materials flexible to its own purest preconceptions. It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere arid notional forms, whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature, they gain a vernal life of restoration, and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the pre-eminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves*, or that teaches, if at all, indirectly *by moving*. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge, is but a *provisional* work—a book upon trial and sufferance, and *quandiu bene se gesserit*. Let its teaching be even partially revised, let it be but expanded, nay, even let its teaching be but placed in a better order, and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable amongst men. For instance the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton was a book *valiant* on earth

from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence as regards absolute truth, secondly, when that combat was over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a *Lib Place*, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by this book effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness, by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as living power has transmigrated into other forms. Now on the contrary the *Iliad*, the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus*—the *Othello* or *King Lear*—the *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*—and the *Paradise Lost* are not militant but triumphant for ever as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. To reproduce *these* in new forms, or variations even if in some things they should be improved, would be to plagiarize. A good steam engine is properly superseded by a better. But one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another nor a statue of *Praxiteles* by a statue of *Michelangelo*. These things are separated not by imparity, but by disparity. They are not thought of as unequal under the same standard but as different in *kind* and if otherwise equal, as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing they never absolutely repeat each other, never approach so near as not to differ and they differ not as better and worse or simply by more and less they differ by undecipherable

and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicry, that cannot be reflected in the mirror of copies, that cannot become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison

RABINDRA NATH TAGORE

MY FIRST OUTING

Once, when the dengue fever was raging in Calcutta some portion of our extensive family had to take shelter in Chhatu Babu's river side villa. We were among them.

This was my first outing. The bank of the Ganges welcomed me into its lap like a friend of a former birth. There in front of the servants quarters was a grove of Guava trees and sitting in the verandah under the shade of these gazing at the flowing current through the gaps between their trunks my days would pass. Every morning as I awoke I somehow felt the day coming to me like a new gilt edged letter with some unheard of news awaiting me on the opening of the envelope. And lest I should lose any fragment of it I would hurry through my toilet to my chair outside. Every day there was the ebb and flow of the tide on the Ganges the various gut of so many different boats the shifting of the shadows of the trees from west to east and over the fringe of shade patches of the woods on the opposite bank the gush of golden life blood through the pierced breast of the evening sky. Some days would be cloudy from early morning the opposite woods black black shadows moving over the river. Then with a rush would come the vociferous rain blotting out the

its fields and markets its life as a whole as I saw it in my imagination greatly attracted me Just such a village was right on the other side of our garden wall, but it was forbidden to us We had come out, but not into freedom We had been in a cage and were now on a perch but the chain was still there

One morning two of our elders went out for a stroll into the village I could not restrain my eagerness any longer and, slipping out unperceived, followed them for some distance As I went along the deeply shaded lane with its close thorny scoria hedges by the side of the tank covered with green water weeds, I rapturously took in picture after picture I still remember the man with bare body engaged in a belated toilet on the edge of the tank, cleaning his teeth with the chewed end of a twig Suddenly my elders became aware of my presence behind them Get away, get away go back at once! They scolded They were scandalised My feet were bare, I had no scarf or upper robe over my tunic I was not dressed fit to come out as if it was my fault! I never owned any socks or superfluous apparel so not only went back disappointed for that morning but had no chance of repairing my short comings and being allowed to come out any other day However though the beyond was thus shut out from behind, in front the Ganges freed me from all bondage and my mind whenever it listed could embark on the boats gaily sailing along and hie away to lands not named in any geography

This was forty years ago Since then I have never set foot again in the Champak shaded villa

garden The same old house and the same old trees must still be there, but I know it cannot any longer be the same—for where am I now to get that fresh feeling of wonder which made it what it was?

We returned to our Jorasanko house in town All my days were as so many mouthfuls offered up to be gulped down into the yawning interior of the Normal School.

KENNETH GRAHAME

THE SECRET DRAWER

It must surely have served as a boudoir for the ladies of old time, this little used, rarely entered chamber where the neglected old bureau stood. There was something very feminine in the faint hues of its faded brocades, in the rose and blue of such bits of China as yet remained, and in the delicate, old-world fragrance of pot pourri from the great bowl—blue and white, with funny holes in its cover—that stood on the bureau's flat top. Modern aunts disdained this out of the way, backwater, upstairs room, preferring to do their accounts and grapple with their correspondence in some central position more in the whirl of things, whence one eye could be kept on the carriage-drive, while the other was alert for malingering servants and marauding children. Those aunts of a former generation—I sometimes felt—would have suited our habits better. But even by us children, to whom few places were private or reserved, the room was visited but rarely. To be sure, there was nothing in particular in it that we coveted or required—only a few spindle legged, gilt-backed chairs, and old harp on which, so the legend ran, Aunt Eliza herself used once to play in years remote, unchronicled, a corner cupboard with a few pieces of China, and the old bureau. But one other thing the room

possessed peculiar to itself a certain sense of privacy—a power of making the intruder feel that he *was* intruding—perhaps even a faculty of hunting that some one might have been sitting on those chairs, writing at the bureau, or fingering the China just a second before one entered. No such violent word as ‘haunted’ could possibly apply to this pleasant old-fashioned chamber, which indeed we all rather liked, but there was no doubt it was reserved and stand-offish, keeping itself to itself.

Uncle Thomas was the first to draw my attention to the possibilities of the old bureau. He was pottering about the house one afternoon, having ordered me to keep at his heels for company—he was a man who hated to be left one minute alone—when his eye fell on it. ‘H’m! Sheration!’ he remarked. (He had a smattering of most things, this uncle, especially the vocabularies.) Then he let down the flap, and examined the empty pigeon-holes and dusty panelling. ‘Fine bit of inlay,’ he went on, ‘good work, all of it. I know the sort. There’s a secret drawer in there somewhere.’ Then, as I breathlessly drew near, he suddenly exclaimed, ‘By Jove, I do want to smoke!’ And wheeling round, he abruptly fled for the garden, leaving me with the cup dashed from my lips. What a strange thing, I mused, was this smoking, that takes a man suddenly—be he in the court, the camp, or the grove—grids him like an Afreet, and whisks him off to do its imperious behests. Would it be even so with myself, I wondered, in those unknown grown-up years to come?

But I had no time to waste in vain speculations

My whole being was still vibrating to those magic syllables secret drawer, and that particular chord had been touched that never fails to thrill responsive to such words as *cave, trap door, sliding panel, bullion, ingots, or Spanish dollars*. For, besides its own special bliss who ever heard of a secret drawer with nothing in it? And oh, I did want money so badly! I mentally ran over the list of demands which were pressing me the most imperiously.

First there was the pipe I wanted to give George Jannaway. George who was Martha's young man, was a shepherd, and a great ally of mine, and the last fair he was at when he bought his sweetheart fairings, as a right minded shepherd should he had purchased a lovely snake expressly for me—one of the wooden sort, with joints wiggling deliciously in the hand with yellow spots on a green ground, sticky and strong smelling, as a fresh painted snake ought to be, and with a red flannel tongue pasted cunningly into its jaws. I loved it much and took it to bed with me every night till what time its spinal cord was loosed and it fell apart, and went the way of all mortal joys. I thought it very nice of George to think of me at the fair, and that's why I wanted to give him a pipe. When the young year was chill and lambing time was on George inhabited a little wooden house on wheels, far out on the wintry dawns and saw no faces but such as were sheepish and woolly and mute and when he and Martha were married she was going to carry his dinner out to him every day, two miles and after it perhaps he would smoke my pipe. It seemed an idyllic sort of existence for both the parties con-

cerned, but a pipe of quality, a pipe fitted to be part of such a life as this could not be procured (so Martha informed me) for a smaller sum than eighteen pence. And meantime—

Then there was the four pence I owed Edward, not that he was bothering me for it, but I knew he was in need of it himself to pay back Selina, who wanted it to make up a sum of two shillings to buy Harold an ironclad for his approaching birthday—HMS *Majestic*, now lying uselessly careened in the toy-shop window, just when her country had such sore need of her.

the empty pigeon-holes and sounded the depths of the softly sliding drawers. No books that I knew of gave any general recipe for a quest like this, but the glory, should I succeed unaided, would be all the greater.

To him who is destined to arrive, the fates never fail to afford on the way their small encouragements. In less than two minutes I had come across a rusty button-hook. This was truly magnificent. In the nursery there existed, indeed, a general button-hook, common to either sex, but none of us possessed a private and special button-hook to lend or to refuse, as suited the high humour of the moment. I pocketed the treasure carefully, and proceeded. At the back of another drawer three old foreign stamps told me I was surely on the high road to fortune.

Following on these bracing incentives came a dull, blank period of unrewarded search. In vain I removed all the drawers and felt over every inch of the smooth surface from front to back. Never a knob, spring, or projection met the thrilling finger tips, unyielding the old bureau stood, stoutly guarding its secret, if secret it really had. I began to grow weary and disheartened. This was not the first time that Uncle Thomas had proved shallow, uninformed—a guide into blind alleys where the echoes mocked you. Was it any good persisting longer? Was anything any good whatever? In my mind I began to review past disappointments, and life seemed one long record of failure and of non-arrival. Disillusioned and depressed I left my work and went to the window. The light was ebbing from the room, and seemed out-

side to be collecting itself on the horizon for its concentrated effect of sunset. Far down in the garden, Uncle Thomas was holding Edward in the air reversed, and smacking him. Edward, gurgling hysterically, was striking blind fists in the direction where he judged his uncle's stomach should rightly be, the contents of his pockets—a motley show—were strewing the lawn. Somehow, though I had been put through a similar performance myself an hour or two ago, it all seemed very far away and cut off from me.

Westwards, the clouds were massing themselves in a low violet bank, below them, to north and south, as far round as eye could reach, a narrow streak of gold ran out and stretched away, straight along the horizon. Somewhere very far off a horn was blowing, clear and thin, it sounded like the golden streak grown audible, while the gold seemed the visible sound. It pricked my ebbing courage, this blended strain of music and colour. I turned for a last effort, and Fortune thereupon, as if half ashamed of the unworthy game she had been playing with me, relented, opening her clenched fist. Hardly had I put my hand once more to the obdurate wood, when with a sort of small sign, almost a sob—as it were—of relief, the secret drawer sprang open.

I drew it out and carried it to the window, to examine it in the failing light. Too hopeless had I gradually grown in my dispiriting search to expect very much, and yet at a glance I saw that my basket of glass lay in shivers at my feet. No ingots or dollars were here, to crown me the little Monte Cristo

of a week. Outside, the distant horn had ceased its gnat-song, the gold was paling to primrose, and every thing was lonely and still. Within my confident little castles were tumbling down like so many card-houses, leaving me stripped of estate, both real and personal, and dominated by the depressing reaction.

And yet, as I looked again at the small collection that lay within that drawer of disillusion, some warmth crept back to my heart as I recognized that a kindred spirit to my own had been at the making of it. Two tarnished gilt buttons—naval, apparently, a portrait of a monarch unknown to me, cut from some antique print and deftly coloured by hand in just my own bold style of brushwork, some foreign copper coins, thicker and clumsier of make than those I hoarded myself, and a list of birds eggs, with names of the places where they had been found. Also a ferret's muzzle and a twist of tarry string, still faintly aromatic! It was real boy's hoard, then, that I had happened upon. He, too, had found out the secret drawer, this happy-starred young person, and here he had stowed away his treasures, one by one, and had cherished them secretly a while, and then—what? Well, one would never know now the reason why these priceless possessions lay still here unreclaimed, but across the void stretch of years I seemed to touch hands a moment with my little comrade of seasons—how many seasons?—long since dead.

I restored the drawer, with its contents, to the trusty bureau, and heard the spring click with a certain satisfaction. Some other boy, perhaps, would some day release that spring again. I trusted he would

be equally appreciative. As I opened the door to go, I could hear, from the nursery at the end of the passage, shouts and yells, telling that the hunt was up. Bears, apparently, for bandits, were on the evening bill of fare, judging by the character of noises. In another minute I would be in the thick of it, in all the warmth and light and laughter. And yet—what a long way off it all seemed, both in space and time, to me yet lingering on the threshold of that old world chamber!

J. G. JENNINGS

STOICISM

With what relief have we not turned during the last few days to the contemplation of the great tasks of peace, among which our own work, that of the education and training of youth and the advancement of knowledge, stands in the very forefront! We turn to our work of study, of the training of the mind, the development of character and the pursuit of research, with renewed zest after the four long years of anxiety through which we here, along with the rest of the world, have been. Our studies indeed, have not been actually interrupted here. That is due to the vigour of the Empire's armies, to the valour and self-sacrifice, the daring and endurance, the lavish gifts of life and suffering, of the officers and men of the Empire's fleet and armies. To them all praise, for they have saved the world from slavery from the loss of the freeman's soul upon earth and the substitution of the spirit of the slaves of a military tyranny, subservient and yet cruel, drilled to irresponsible ferocity blindly and degradedly obedient without thought of moral issues, fit instruments for the subjugation and degradation of their fellowmen. But though we have dwelt in actual peace behind the line of the Empire's fleet and armies, and though we never doubted—I felt instinctively from the very first moment and throughout the war that the warm heart of

India beat in unison with Britain's, close by her side though in the words of Robert Browning we 'Never doubted clouds would break. Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph', yet now that the struggle is over we know that the period through which we have been was a period of deep strain and anxiety, during which neither those responsible for the safety of the Empire could spare us freely of their time and thought, nor we ourselves could turn whole-heartedly to our peaceful duties, though these, except in the very crisis of the Empire's fate, stand second to none in the whole broad world.

Whilst thinking over the subject for my address to you the new undergraduates of the College, I have felt a good many difficulties and a great deal of hesitation as regards the sort of subject that I should choose. I have spoken to the members of another College of 'Reading' in general, and to those of yet another on the 'Method of Reading'. It appeared to me that I might speak today perhaps with some small advantage to you on a special line of 'Reading' which seems to me both profitable and delightful, and which, dealing as it does with conduct, will, I think, appeal to you as you stand at the entrance of a new phase of your lives.

About 1800 years ago, in the Greek city of Nicopolis, in Epirus, situated in the northern part of Greece on the west sea-coast, just opposite the heel of Italy, there was a class-room much like any in your college. The Emperor Trajan was on the throne of Rome, his reign extending from the year 98 to 117

A D Among the pupils attending that class room there was a young Greek of good birth, coming from the province of Bithynia, in Asia Minor, by name Arrianus, known to us as Arrian. He paid great attention to the words of the lecturer and took most careful and, as far as possible, literal notes. The lecturer spoke in Greek. A part of the collection of notes survives to this day. In Arrian's short preface he thus explains their nature. "I did not write them down for publication. What I tried to do was to make notes of all that I used to hear him say, word for word in the very language he used, as far as possible." The young man, I am glad to say, prospered, and subsequently obtained the high rank of consul in Rome and wrote numerous valuable books. The lecturer was the famous lame philosopher Epictetus, a Greek coming from Phrygia, also in Asia Minor, formerly a slave in Rome. His master had given to the young slave Epictetus a good education and then freed him. His education enabled him to make his living as a teacher. The book is called the *Discourses of Epictetus*. It is acknowledged to be one of the great books of the world. Arrian also made a brief selection of the sayings of his teacher, which is called the *Manual* or *Encheiridion* and is equally famous, and which also fortunately has survived. I may speak of the *Manual* and *Discourses* as one book. Now a copy of these *Discourses* came into the hands of one Rusticus, a Stoic philosopher in Rome, who gave it to a young and studious Roman called Marcus, a youth of very high family, of great beauty, and of a most earnest and lofty character. This youth became the

great Emperor of Rome, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, who reigned over the whole Western civilized world from the year 161 to 180 A D And Marcus, when Emperor, found time to write a little book containing notes of thoughts as they occurred to him at all sorts of moments amid the cares of state and war, for he was a most competent administrator, and as a general at the head of his armies he drove back victoriously and crushed for several generations the Germanic barbarians who burst into the south of Europe and threatened to destroy the civilized world of that age His notes are in Greek, the language of the philosophers of that day Their title in Greek means "To Himself", that is, notes for his own reading, but people have agreed to call them his "Meditations" That is also acknowledged to be one of the great books of the world In it he says that he is much indebted to Rusticus for many reasons, of which the final one is 'acquaintance with the *Discourses of Epictetus*, of which he gave me his own copy "

It is to these books that I wish to introduce you There are plenty of English translations, and if you really are willing to take my advice, and want to read what they have to say about right conduct in life, you will have no difficulty in getting translation from the booksellers In the case of Epictetus's *Discourses* I must advise you to begin with a selection, for they form a comparatively long book and all parts of it are not of equal excellence, or at least not of equal interest to the general reader They are not fully represented in the Manual There is a selection from the *Discourses* and the Manual called *The Golden*

Sayings of Epictetus, translated and arranged by Professor Hastings Crossley, formerly Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Belfast, in the wellknown Golden Treasury Series. As regards Marcus Aurelius the best known translation is that by George Long. His *Meditations* are a shorter book than the *Discourses*. It is not so necessary for you to begin in his case with a selection.

Though written after the death of Christ, both these books represent the ancient pre-Christian or pagan Europe, the period of the Classical writers and thinkers of Greece and Rome. Both these Stoic authors knew of the Christians and briefly mention them, but they were not acquainted with their doctrines. I am assuming that Epictetus when he mentions the Jews means the Christians. These two books are considered to be best representatives of that pre-Christian philosophy or religion called Stoicism, which held sway among the educated and ruling classes during the closing centuries of the ancient Western world, though not without rivals, many of which were very superstitious and corrupt. Christians have always admired and have sympathised with the leading doctrines of the Stoic school of Philosophy. St Paul, who systematized the principles of the Christian faith after the death of its founder, was a highly educated man, and as a student of philosophy at Tarsus, in Asia Minor, of which he was an inhabitant during Christ's lifetime, was familiar with the doctrines of the Stoic predecessors of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. St Paul, shortly after the death of Christ, was converted to Christianity, of which he

became the recognized leader almost at once, and he emphasized and developed in that faith many of the points which it had in common with Stoicism. There is a natural sympathy between the tender doctrines of Jesus and those of the universal brotherhood taught by Epictetus and Marcus and their predecessor, and indeed there is a natural sympathy between the selfless social teachings of Stoicism and those of all the great religions, which without exception strive to hold together the bonds of kindly human society, forbearing, disciplined, and mutually helpful. It is in their supernatural parts that religions differ, not in what may be called the natural or human part. And the natural or human laws which bind man to man in fraternal affection and helpfulness are systematized in the teachings in Stoicism in a very striking manner, without reference to or with very little reference to the supernatural aspect of religion.

Great as has been the appreciation of these two famous stoic authors in Europe I feel that there is a still greater appeal in their works to Eastern and especially to Indian readers. Some of my older Indian friends have told me that in their College days long ago when the pursuit of Western knowledge was rarer than it is now, and was still regarded as something in the nature of a romantic quest they read Marcus Aurelius's *Meditation* with enthusiasm. The Stoics, as I have pointed out, were pre-Christian teachers. The resemblance of their teachings to those of some of the Indian philosophers especially of the Sāṅkhya and Buddhist Schools of thought are very remarkable. This is no the place to attempt to work out

carefully such resemblances, but let me quote here a passage from the Emperor Marcus which seems to me singularly Indian in tone, and to come close to your Yoga practice 'Men seek retreats for themselves, country-houses, the seashore and the hills, and thou too art wont to long for such things greatly But this is the merest simplicity, since at whatever hour thou choosest it is possible to find a retreat within thyself, for to no spot more peaceful or more free from bustle does a man retreat than into his own soul, particularly he who has such thoughts already stored within that by dipping into them he is at once in perfect ease, and ease, I say, is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind Give thyself then constantly this retreat and so renew thyself, and let the thoughts be brief and fundamental, and they as they recur will straightway suffice to shut out all turmoil, and to send thee back not vexed with things to which thou returnest Amongst the thoughts readiest to hand into which thou mayest dip, let there be these two The first, that affairs themselves do not touch the soul, but lie quite outside it, and disturbance comes only from the opinion within The other, that all these things which thou seest are transmuted at last, and will no longer be, and how many of these transmutations thou hast now encountered bear constantly in mind The ordered universe is changed, life is opinion' (Book IV, Section 3)

I have pointed out that Stoicism became the chief philosophy or religion of a larger proportion of the educated or ruling classes in the Roman Empire during the centuries which preceded the conversion of

pire, upon whose eastern borders India lay. That empire included at one time or other both Greek Asia Minor and the north western portion of India. It is therefore at least not impossible that there was intercourse, through and in the Persian Empire, between thinkers of the East and of the West before the passage of the stormy Alexander from one extremity to the other of Darius's dominions. That there was considerable intercourse, if not of philosophers, yet of soldiers, during the period of Alexander and his successors, is obvious. And it should be borne in mind that Alexander was no ignorant and thoughtless conqueror. He was a pupil of the great Aristotle himself, whose famous school, the Lyceum in Athens, he aided with kingly liberality, causing large collections of the natural curiosities to be made for the philosopher from several provinces of his new conquests, and thus enabling Aristotle to write his famous treatise on natural history. The great thinker died the year after his royal pupil, in 322 B.C. Zeno the founder of Stoicism, was then about twenty eight years. His immediate successor was Cleanthes, who was born in Troas, in Asia Minor, about the year 300 B.C., and died in the year 200. You will be interested to hear that, in order to support himself as a student under Zeno in Athens he worked long hours at night in drawing water for gardens. Cleanthes succeeded Zeno as master of the famous school held in the Stoa Poikile, or Painted Porch, in Athens in 263 B.C. It is from this porch, adorned with paintings by the famous artist Polygnotus some two hundred years earlier, that the name of Stoicism was derived. Clean

thes was succeeded as head of the Stoic school by Chrysippus, who was born at Soli in Cilicia in Asia Minor in the year 280 B C, and died in 207 Chrysippus organized the doctrines of the school into a regular system and has been considered its second founder Thus all the first three heads of this school of thinkers came from Asia Minor or the islands thereof as did Panætius, who carried the doctrines to Rome and Epictetus, whose name along with that of the Emperor Marcus is the most famous of them all

You will remember that about the year 256 B C¹ the great and pious Indian Emperor Asoka caused an edict to be published and engraved upon rock, of which a part runs as follows "This is the chiefest conquest in the opinion of His Sacred Majesty, the conquest of the Law of Piety, and this again has been won by His Sacred Majesty both in his own dominions and in all the neighbouring realms as far as six hundred leagues where the Greek King named Antiochus dwells and north of that Antiochus to where dwell the four Kings severally named Ptolemy², Antigonus³, Magas and Alexander⁴" At the date of the publication of this edict, Chrysippus the Stoic was a young man of about twenty-four years of age studying in Athens Whether he ever

See V A Smith's *Asoka* second edition page 43

Of Syria

² Of Egypt

³ Of Macedonia

⁴ Of Cyrene in North Africa

⁵ Of Ephesus in Greece

heard of the Law of Piety, the Dharma of the Buddha, taught by the missionaries of the pious Indian Emperor, is another matter, but so far as physical possibility is concerned he might have done so.

I have left myself but little time in which to mention the doctrines of these two great books, but I should like to give you an account, however cursory, of some of their leading characteristics, so that you may judge for yourselves whether they are worth your study and are likely to help you in obtaining clear principles of conduct, and also how far they resemble Eastern philosophies in their outlook.

The first and central characteristic of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, in my judgment, is their insistence on the social nature of man. The usual textbooks do not bring this point out clearly. Let us take this from Epictetus (Book III, Chapter 24). "This world is one great city, and we are the substance whereof it is fashioned. A certain period indeed there needs must be while these give place to those, some must perish for others to succeed, some move and some abide, yet all is full of friends—first God, then men, whom nature hath bound by ties of kinship each to each."

But Marcus, who was a great administrator as well as a philosopher, dwells still more insistently on this idea. In his Fourth Book (Section 4) this passage occurs. "If the thinking faculty is common to us all, then the reason through which we are rational is also common, if this so, then the reason which enjoins us what to do and what not to do is also common, if this is so, then the law is common, if this

is so, then we are fellow citizens, if this so, we are joint members of some state, if this is so, then the ordered universe is like one city " And again, to take one of many passages, in the Ninth Book (Section 4), he writes as follows "Have I done something social? Then I have received a benefit Let this thought be ever at hand to meet thee, and do thou cease not " And again (Book IX, Section 42)

When thou hast done a man a kindness what further dost thou wish? Does it not suffice that thou hast done something in conformity with thy nature, but thou must seek a wage for it, as if the eye demanded a return because it sees, or the feet because they walk? Man, being formed by nature for benevolent action, when he has done anything benevolent, or even merely co-operated in things neutral, has done that for which he was constituted, and has his sufficient reward.

The great Aristotle described man as a "Political animal", by which he meant a creature living in a *polis* or state. The Stoics improved on this and called

and is divine in its character. In man it is his higher, that is his social nature. In the Sixth Book (Section 44), the Emperor writes as follows: "That is advantageous to each which is in conformity with his own constitution and nature, and my nature is rational and civic, and my city and country, as I am Antoninus, is Rome, and, as I am a human being, is the ordered universe. Things then which are of benefit to those two cities alone are good for me."

The unity of all things is insisted upon. "There is in the sum of things one harmony," writes Marcus (Book V, Section 8), and as out of all bodies the ordered universe (the cosmos) is completed as one body, so out of all causes destiny is completed as one cause. The continuity and orderliness of change are dwelt upon thus. View continually, says Marcus (Book IV, Section 36), "all things taking place by transmutation, and accustom thyself to consider that the nature of the whole loves nothing so much as to transmute existing things and make new things like to them, for every thing that exists is in a manner the seed of that which through it will be." Thus we have the endless chain of causation on which Eastern thought has long dwelt. And the universe is divine whether the divinity be regarded as personal or impersonal. Hear this cry from Marceus, the Emperor: "Every-thing is agreeable to me which is in agreement with thee, O ordered Universe. Nothing for me is too early or too late which is well-timed for thee. Every thing to me is fruit in season which thy seasons bring. O Nature. From thee all things arise, in thee all things abide, to thee all things return. The

poet says (of Athens) 'Loved city of Cecrops' Wilt not thou say (of the universe) O loved city of Zeus's" (Book IV, Section 23) You may note that the Greek Zeus is the Dyaus-pitar of the ancient Indians, Zeus Pater, the Divine Father

This universe is liable to what Marcus calls "the cyclical rebirth of the whole" (Book XI, Section). And Epictetus, who dwells more insistently than Marcus upon the personality of the Divine, speaks of Zeus being "alone at the conflagration of the universe" (Book III, Chapter 13) Thus one is reminded of the Maha Kalpa of the Buddhists, the great aeon, dissolving for a time in universal flame. In this life the soul is to each his guiding or ruling principle Its divine nature is clear, but its immortality is uncertain "When you have shut the doors", says Epictetus (Book I, Chapter 14) "and made a darkness within the house, remember never to say that you are alone, for you are not alone, but God is within, and your guardian spirit" "Zeus hath given to each," says Marcus (Book V, Section 27), "as guardian and guide, a fragment of himself, and this is the mind and reason of each" "Remind thyself", said Epictetus on one occasion (Book III, Chapter 24), "that he whom thou lovest is mortal As well call of evil omen the reaping of the corn Such is death, a greater change, from what is now, not to what is not, but to what is not now" When his interlocutor rejoined 'Shall I then no longer be?' Epictetus replied "Thou wilt be, but something different, of which the universe hath need" And on the same subject Marcus writes (Book XI, Section 3) "How great a soul is that

which is ready, even if at this moment it must be detached from the body, to be either extinguished (as a breath) or dispersed (as atoms), or to stay altogether (as a surviving unity) '.

It is for the soul, or guiding principle in man, to choose wisely during this life. The Stoics divide all things into two classes, namely, those within the power of the will and those that lie outside. Life in conformity with nature implies unperturbed acceptance of all that lies outside the power of the will. That which lies within its power is the control of the impulses, the famous Stoic self control or unperturbedness. "To the mind", says Marcus (Book VI, Section 32), all things are indifferent, except its own operations, and all its own operations are in its own control." "Asia and Europe", he says (Book VI, section 36), "are but corners of the ordered universe, and the sea, a drop in the universe, Mount Athos, a grain in the universe, all this present time a point in the ages. All things are small and unstable, and quickly disappear. All things come thence from the common Guiding Mind. Thus all hurtful things, such as thorns and mire, are consequences following on that which is solemn and fair. Do not then imagine that they are of another kind from that which thou dost revere, but reflect upon the source of all."

I trust that I have said enough to interest you in the Stoicism of these two great men, the great slave Epictetus and the great Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and to cause you to read the Discourses and Meditations. If you do, I think you will be helped in mastering the principles of right conduct, which I am

sure that you all desire to grasp firmly. You will notice that as their main theme the Stoic philosophers inculcate what all the great religions—Christianity, Hinduism, Islam and the other tested faiths—teach, namely that the basis of all right action is unselfishness.

Gentlemen I have kept you a long time. Only one word more. Let me say before I close that I wish you all very sincerely, happiness and success in the College career which you have just entered upon.

MRS. BARRY PAIN

THE REASON WHY A DIALOGUE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

He | She

SCENE—Mrs Grafton's drawing-room

TIME—5 30 P M

Discovered—Mr and Mrs Harry Grafton He is in frockcoat She is in smart afternoon reception-gown He is sitting in an armchair, holding a magazine and large paperknife She is pacing the room, but pausing continually to look out of the window

Doors R and L

She—It's the most extraordinary thing that has ever happened Don't sit there like a piece of meat, brandishing that knife as if you were going to carve yourself

He—Do you wish me to stand up and dance a horn pipe, or what? Perhaps you would like me to take a pintechinon and go and fetch the people?

She—Don't talk nonsense Half-past five, and not one solitary cat It's becoming positively farcical What does it mean?

He—I've told you about twenty times what I think it means You've made some tom-fool blunder in the invitations

She—And haven't I shown you the sample card about forty times? What can be plainer? "Mrs Harry Grafton at Home, Thursday, December 17, 4 to 6. Oh, if only I had put R. S. V. P." Never again will I give a party in a poke, so to speak. Of course if I hadn't been away just this fortnight I should have seen people, and found out pretty well who was coming and who wasn't. But that not one single soul should turn up!

He—(*nodding towards open door left*) And that you should have prepared for the British Army!

She—(*looking through the same door*) What nonsense! It doesn't look at all too much. Usual things, nothing more. I had to prepare for all in case they all came. Sometimes they even bring horrible aunts and things with them. How I do hate other people's friends—Wait! Was that somebody? (*Listens*)

He—It wasn't the bell, if that's what you mean. You've got bells on the brain.

She—Well, can you wonder? Oh dear, I've a good mind to have another cup of tea.

He—I think you might safely finish the lot.

She—Harry, don't.

He—(*rising and walking about*) I should now definitely chuck this entertainment if I were you—

She—This entertainment has chucked me.

He—And take a good walk to restore your mental balance.

She—How can I? There's still half an hour in which somebody *might* come.

He—It doesn't seem over likely.

She—(*rushing to the window*) There, I'm sure that was a bell.

He—If you hear the bell again you shall see a doctor. Can't you get some occupation? Don't keep lashing up and down like something at the Zoo. Can't you take a book or a—

She—(*sitting*). The book isn't written that could hold my attention for two seconds just now. What must the servants be thinking? I know those two girls are giggling themselves ill behind that buffet. They shall both leave to-morrow.

He—Well, I think you might admit that there is a dash of humour in the situation.

She—(*with asperity*) I fail to see it.

He—(*fidgitting with the ornaments*). You mean you fail to appreciate it.

She—(*excitedly*) But the whole thing is incredible. My head will *split* trying to unravel the mystery of it. Here have I been standing about in this sinfully expensive gown since twenty to four, not to speak of *you* walled up in that collar, and not a soul has been near us. It's like a nightmare. Oh, do sit down, and don't look for prices on all the ornaments, or I shall go mad.

He—(*Sitting near window*). Hope none of them are as cheap as we are.

She—How you can joke about it passes me altogether. Harry! (*Jumps up and puts her hands on his shoulders from behind*) You . . . It couldn't be anything connected with anything on the . . . Stock Exchange?

He—What do you mean?

She—Do you think people could have misunderstood—misconstrued anything that you've done there lately? People are so funny, you know, and so keen on any sort of scandal. I can't think of anything else that *could* explain it. If it had got about—mistakenly, of course—that you had—

He—I'm sorry to dash your fondest hopes, my dear child, but as it happens it's out of the question. That's absolute and final.

She—(*desperately*). Well, then, what *have* you done? There must be some reason why people shun the house as if it were plague-stricken. Haven't they rushed here hitherto on the slightest provocation? Haven't all my parties been perfectly successful? You remember that last At Home in June, when I had nothing more than a recitation to throw them, and it poured with rain, and yet they all flocked in as if it were the deluge and this was the ark. Some reason there must be for this sudden change. Some thing must have happened whilst I was at Guildford. That conviction has been growing upon me with every moment. (*Dramatically*) Harry, what is it?

He—(*rising*). Look here. It's lucky for you that I've got a fairly good temper. Every night almost, during your confounded absence, I've been asked out by some one or other, as you know perfectly well from my letters. By George, though, it's not a bad idea you've given me. (*Begins to pace the room*) It's just possible that there were some things down at Guildford which you omitted to describe in your letters, and which every one else would naturally

hear about before me I told you when you went that I didn't care about your stopping in the same house with that bounder Thornton I noticed, by the way, that you were careful never to mention his beastly name in your letters Heaven knows what stories he may have set afloat He wouldn't stick at anything—the vainest, vulgarest, most unscrupulous fool going That's what it'll be He's back, and he's putting some spicy story about Of course I can't know whether you've given him anything to go upon He wouldn't want more than just enough I warned you of him I told you what he said about Mrs Charlie Appling, and the story he told at the club about the Somerfell girls—absolutely without foundation That's the sort of man he is We oughtn't to know him As you say, there must be *some* reason for no one turning up when thirty were asked Phew! London isn't fit to live in

She—(with dignity) If you're quite done, and feel like taking a breath, I may tell you that Mr Thornton was *not* at Guildford, as it happened He was laid up on his yacht I forgot to mention it to you Now you can go on a little more

*He—*Why couldn't you have said that before? And if it isn't that (*dramatically*), what in the name of wonder is it?

*She—*Don't ask me (*Dropping on to a chair*) I—I could howl, only I daren't before six o'clock You—you don't think it could have anything to do with that rash that Baker had on her face? She opens the front door, you know, and people may have

seen it, and thought it was infectious, and spread it about

He—The rash?

She—The rumour—that we had the measles or something in the house

He—Madness! As if that would get round to all our most intimate friends without my ever hearing of it Skittles!

(*A Bell Rings*)

She—(*rushing to the window*) There, that is the bell It isn't a carriage Some one on foot at the door Wish I could see Put that mat straight Where's your magazine? We mustn't look as if we'd been waiting in agonies Oh *why* didn't I put a few used cups and plates about! Idiot that I am! The buffet will give us clean away

He—The clean buffet will give us away Well, whoever comes now will naturally expect to find that every one else has left

She—So they will, and that the cups and things have been cleared I shall talk about it as if it had been a great success Back me up We must refer to its having got so dreadfully warm in here Small room for a crowd So inconvenient That sort of thing

He—(*straightening his tie, etc*) Anything you like, in or out of reason I hope it's somebody decently interesting

She—Why doesn't Baker bring them up? Have they fallen asleep on the staircase? I don't believe she's heard the bell All servants are deaf (*Exit*

hastily door left)

He—(alone) If this isn't somebody pretty thrilling I'm off to the club I've had nearly enough of it No man alive can be asked to spend his whole afternoon—

She—(re entering very dejectedly with a letter)
It was the post One circular (*Reads*) "Artificial teeth bought Best prices Full value"

*He—*Well, it's pleasant to think that some one wants to have dealings with us But look here, dear, you won't mind if I appear to give up now, and go to the club for a bit, will you?

*She—*The club? I wonder you've got the nerve

*He—*I haven't the nerve to stand any more of this, and that's the truth I'm awfully sorry for you, dear Some day, I suppose, we shall know what it was all about

*She—*I only hope that when it *does* come out I shall feel able to share your disgrace in the proper spirit and to—

*He—*Oh, for Heaven's sake don't begin that again Haven't I just as much right—or just as little—to attack you? But why quarrel when we've got nothing to quarrel about, as far as we know? We won't talk any more about it Don't think any more about it 'Tata' I shan't be long Cheer up!

She—(dismally) Don't be long Good-bye

(He exits door centre)

She—(alone) Never have I spent such a humiliating, disgusting, despairing afternoon (*Looking*

round) All my lovely flowers that took such ages to arrange, not to speak of the twelve and ninepence And the refreshments! What *am* I to do with all those hateful cakes? Send them to the nearest hospital, I suppose. And what shall I say to Baker and the others? Will they all give me notice? I shouldn't be a bit surprised. I really think we shall have to go abroad—at any rate for a while. I couldn't face the scandal, especially if I hadn't deserve it.

He—(re-entering in top hat, and pulling on a fur coat) I say—

*She—*Hullo! Is it really cold enough again for that great bearskin?

*He—*Rather. It's freezing like anything. I say, shall we do a play to night to drown our sorrows, little girl?

She—(helping him on with his coat) Well, it would be rather nice if we could get places at the back somewhere, where people couldn't see us and cut us. Dear me, Harry, what do you carry about in your pockets? Spoils your elegant appearance. *(Plunges her hand into his pocket, and draws out a pile of unopened letters)* Letters?—Harry!—Harry—Look! My letters! The invitations for to day! All of them! Oh—Oh! *(She sinks overcome on to a chair)*

He—(petrified) By Jeremy!

*She—*Oh, you man! How can you ever look me in the face again?

*He—*I can't. *(Drops on to a chair, and puts his hat over his face)*

She—And to think that—No it's beyond words
To forget to post *one* letter is sinful enough, but thirty
letters! Where are the servants? Baker! Ford!
(*Exit tempestuously at door left*)

He—(*going*) I think I had better look sharp
and take the Royal Box at the Opera for to night
Phew! (*Exit furtively door centre*)

CURTAIN

ROBERT BERNAYS

THE TAJ BY MOONLIGHT

I snatched a day off from the tumults and turmoils of Indian politics and journeyed down to see the Taj Mahal at Agra, the glorious tomb that Shah Jehan built for his favourite wife, which ranks as one of the seven wonders of the world

Everybody disputes as to the best time of day or night to see it. Some say that its fullest enchantments are only revealed to those who come to it in the mists of early morning, others insist that it is at its finest in the glare of the noon day sun, and there is a further school of thought who hold that it is hardly worth visiting except at the time of a full moon

I saw it at four o'clock in the morning by the soft light of a waning moon. What made it more wonderful was that I was absolutely alone with its beauties

It happened like this

I had intended to see it in company with the other tourists in the hotel at the more orthodox hour of mid-night. But when I saw the whole giggling crowd of them getting into the hotel motor-cars and going off complete with cameras and horn-rimmed spectacles, just like my self, I conceived such a loathing for my fellow creatures that I went off to bed

It was a stifling night and I could not sleep. At half past three I gave it up and humbly on foot I went off to look for the Taj. When I arrived the gates to the garden as I might have guessed were bolted and barred. I pushed open the door which was on a narrow chain sufficiently far to catch a glimpse of the glories that lay beyond. I realised for the first time what it must be like to be shut out at the doors of the Kingdom of Heaven.

I banged and shouted like a man in torment.

At length a creature with a candle tottered down in a nightcap. I asked to be admitted, he refused. I implored, he was adamant. I produced a rupee, he hesitated. I produced two rupees and I heard the key clicking into the lock.

The door swung open and I was face to face with perhaps the most beautiful single building in the world.

Remember I was seeing it under the worst possible conditions. I was unwashed and cross and hot and heavy eyed with lack of sleep. I was just in the appropriate mood to be angrily disappointed.

In a second I had forgotten everything in the mystery and the majesty of the building.

The dim light of the waning moon gave just the right emphasis to every aspect of its beauty—the splendour of the lines and contours, the long tapering minarets, the unearthly white of the marble, the ghostly foreground of dark cypresses and the ethereal reflection of it all in the pools that lead up to it.

Alone in the moonlight it seemed to embody in itself everything in the world that was lovely and of good repute

I have never before realised that sorrow could be expressed in stone

The Taj Mahal seemed to reflect the tears and anguish of the man who built it in memory of the woman he loved, and was doomed only to see it in the distance from the fort across the river, a prisoner in his son's house

Next day I explored his apartments in the fort, and there in the bricks are still the little mirrors which he had put up so that wherever he looked he could still catch a glimpse of his wondrous creation After this I ought to have caught the next train in the morning back to Delhi with my impressions unblurred by further visits

But I made the mistake of returning to the Taj after breakfast and being conducted round in the blazing heat by a professional guide It was rather like seeing the black cloth of a scene in a play from the stage instead of from the stalls

In the hard sunlight, perhaps it was just a little tawdry

I had to listen to how much each portion of it had cost to build I was made to touch the precious stones to satisfy myself that they were real, I was forced to descend into the bowels and see the actual tombs of Shah Jehan and his wife I had to test the echo in the dome and solemnly time the full 15 seconds before the last reverberation of my guide's voice rumbled away

At various points in our pilgrimage I was informed that the blessings of Allah would descend on my head if I added to the pile of rupees on the floor

I modestly added one, and was told in plain tones "that the last sahib had put five" In comparison with my visit in the early morning it was a descent from Olympus

But, happily, the memory of the Taj by the waning moon can never be blotted out I can only describe it in lines written with far less justification of a prince in Old Delhi

If there be any paradise here upon earth,
It is this, it is this, it is this

W. H. HUDSON

THE RETURN OF THE CHIFF-CHAFF

(SPRING SADNESS)

On a warm, brilliant morning in late April I paid a visit to a shallow lakelet or pond five or six acres in extent which I had discovered some weeks before hidden in a depression in the land among luxuriant furze, bramble, and blackthorn bushes. Between the thickets the boggy ground was everywhere covered with great tussocks of last year's dead and faded marsh grass—a wet, rough, lonely place where a lover of solitude need have no fear of being intruded on by a being of his own species, or even a wandering moorland donkey. On arriving at the pond I was surprised and delighted to find half the surface covered with a thick growth of bog-bean just coming into flower. The quaint three-lobed leaves, shaped like a grebe's foot, were still small, and the flower-tussocks, thick as corn in a field, were crowned with pyramids of buds, cream and rosy-red like the opening dropwort clusters, and at the lower end of the spikes were the full blown singular snow-white cottony flowers—our strange and beautiful

hanging the water, and on that seat I rested for a long time, enjoying the sight of that rare unexpected loveliness

The chiff chaff the common warbler of this moor land district, was now abundant, more so than anywhere else in England, two or three were flitting about among the alder leaves within a few feet of my head, and a dozen at least were singing within hearing, chiff chaffing near and far, their notes sounding strangely loud at that still, sequestered spot. Listening to that insistent sound I was reminded of Warde Fowler's words about the sweet season which brings new life and hope to men, and how a seal and sanction is put on it by that same small bird's clear resonant voice. I endeavoured to recall the passage, saying to myself that in order to enter fully into the feeling expressed it is sometimes essential to know an author's exact words. Failing in this I, listened again to the bird, then let my eyes rest on the expanse of red and cream-coloured spikes before me, then on the masses of flame—yellow furze beyond, then on something else. I was endeavouring to keep my attention on these extraneous things, to shut my mind resolutely against a thought, intolerably sad, which had surprised me in that quiet solitary place. Surely, I said, this spring time verdure and bloom, this fragrance of the furze the infinite blue of heaven, the bell like double note of this my little feathered neighbour in the alder tree, flitting hither and thither, light and airy himself as wind fluttered alder leaf—surely this is enough to fill and to satisfy any heart, leaving no room for a grief so vain and barren, which nothing

in nature suggested! That it should find me out here in this wilderness of all places—the place to which a man might come to divest himself of himself—that second self which he has unconsciously acquired—to be like the trees and animals, outside of the sad atmosphere of human life and its eternal tragedy! A vain effort and a vain thought, since that from which I sought to escape came from nature itself, from every visible thing, every leaf and flower and blade eloquent of it, and the very sunshine, that gave life and brilliance to all things, was turned to darkness by it.

Overcome and powerless, I continued sitting there with half-closed eyes until those sad images of lost friends, which had risen with so strange a suddenness in my mind, appeared something more than mere memories and mentally seen faces and forms, seen for a moment, then vanishing. They were with me, standing by me, almost as in life, and I looked from one to another, looking longest at the one who was the last to go, who was with me but yesterday, as it seemed and stood still in our walk and turned to bid me listen to that same double note, that little spring melody which had returned to us, and who led me, waist deep in the flowering meadow-grasses, to look for this same beautiful white flower which I had found here, and called it our *English edelweiss*. How beautiful it all was! We thought and felt as one. That bond uniting us, unlike all other bonds, was unbreakable and everlasting. If one had said that life was uncertain it would have seemed a meaningless phrase. Spring's immortality was in

us, ever living earth was better than any home in the stars which eye hath not seen nor heart conceived. Nature was all in all, we worshipped her, and her wordless messages in our hearts were sweeter than honey and the honey-comb.

To me, alone on that April day, alone on the earth as it seemed for a while, the sweet was indeed changed to bitter and the loss of those who were one with me in feeling appeared to my mind as a monstrous betrayal, a thing unnatural, almost incredible. Could I any longer love and worship this dreadful power that made us and filled our hearts with gladness—could I say of it, 'Though it slay me yet will I trust it'?

By and-by the tempest subsided but the clouds returned after the rain, and I sat on in a deep melancholy, my mind in a state of suspense. Then little by little the old influence began to reassert itself, and it was as if one was standing there by me, one who was always calm, who saw all things clearly, who regarded me with compassion and had come to reason with me. 'Come now', it appeared to say, 'open your eyes once more to the sunshine, let it enter freely and fill your heart for there is healing in it and in all nature. It is true the power you have worshipped and trusted will destroy you, but you are living to-day and the day of your end will be determined by chance only. Until you are called to follow them into that 'world of light', or it may be of darkness and oblivion, you are immortal. Think then of to-day, humbly putting away the rebellion and despondency corroding your life, and it will be with you as it has been, you shall

know again the price which passes understanding the old ineffable happiness in the sights and sounds of earth. Common things shall seem rare and beautiful to you. Listen to the chaff chaff ingeminating the familiar unchanging call and message of spring. Do you know that this frail feathered mite with its short feeble wings has come back from an immense distance, crossing two continents crossing mountains deserts limitless and worst of all, the salt grey desert of the sea? North and north east winds and snow and sleet assailed it when, weary with its long journey, it drew near to its bourne and beat it back and chilled to its little anxious heart so that it could hardly keep itself from falling into the cold salt waves. Yet no sooner is it here in the ancient home and cradle of its race than all perils and pains forgotten it begins to tell aloud the overflowing joy of the resurrection, calling earth to put on her living garment to rejoice once more in the old undying gladness—that small trumpet will teach you something. Let your reason serve you as well as its lower faculties have served this brave little traveller from a distant land.

sadness—from the thought of springs that have been, the beautiful multitudinous life that has vanished? Our maker and mother mocks at our efforts—at our philosophic refuges, and sweeps them away with a wave of emotion. And yet there is deliverance, the old way of escape which is ours, whether we want it or not. Nature herself in her own good time heals the wound she inflicts—even this most grievous in seeming when she takes away from us the faith and hope of reunion with our lost. They may be in a world of light, waiting our coming—we do not know, but in that place they are unimaginable, their state inconceivable. They were like us, beings of flesh and blood, or we should not have loved them. If we cannot grasp their hands their continued existence is nothing to us. Grief at their loss is just as great for those who have kept their faith as for those who have lost it, and on account of its very poignancy it cannot endure in either case. It fades, returning in its old intensity at ever longer intervals until it ceases. The poet of nature was wrong when he said that without his faith in the decay of his senses he would be worse than dead, echoing the apostle who said that if we had hope in this world only we should be of all men the most miserable. So, too, was the later poet wrong when he listened to the waves on Dover beach bringing the eternal notes of sadness in, when he saw in imagination the ebbing of the great sea of faith which had made the world so beautiful, in its withdrawal disclosing the deserts drear and naked shingles of the world. That desolation, as he imagined it, which made him

A A MACDONELL
THE SANSKRIT DRAMA
(Circa 40 1000 A D)

To the European mind the history of the Indian drama cannot but be a source of abundant interest for here we have an important branch of literature which has had a full and varied national development quite independent of Western influence and which throws much light on Hindu social customs during the five or six centuries preceding the Muhammadan conquest

The earliest forms of dramatic literature in India are represented by those hymns of the *Rigveda* which contain dialogues such as those of *Sarama* and the *Panis* *Yama* and *Yami* *Pururavas* and *Urvaci*, the latter indeed being the foundation of a regular play composed much more than a thousand years later by the greatest dramatist of India The origin of the acted drama is however wrapped in obscurity Nevertheless the evidence of tradition and of language suffice to direct us with considerable probability to its source

The words for actor (*nata*) and play (*nataka*) are derived from the verb *nat* the *Parkrit* or vernacular form of the Sanskrit *nr̥t* to dance The name is familiar to English ears in the form of *nat* *sch* the Indian dancing of the present day The latter indeed probably represents the beginnings

of the Indian drama. It must at first have consisted only of rude pantomime, in which the dancing movements of the body were accompanied by mute mimicking gestures of hand and face. Songs, doubtless, also early formed an ingredient in such performances. Thus Bharata, the name of the mythical inventor of the drama which in Sanskrit also means 'actor,' in several of the vernaculars signifies 'singer,' as in the Gujarati *Bharot*. The addition of dialogue was the last step in the development, which was thus much the same in India and in Greece. This primitive stage is represented by the Bengal *vatras* and the *Gita-govinda*. These form the transition to the fully developed Sanskrit play in which lyrics and dialogue are blended.

The earliest references to the acted drama are to be found in the *Mahabharata*, which mentions representations of the *Kamsavadha*, the 'Slaying of Kamsa,' and the *Balibandha*, or 'Binding of Bali,' episodes in the history of Krishna. Indian tradition describes Bharata as having caused to be acted before the gods a play representing the *Svajamitara* of Lakshmi, wife of Vishnu. Tradition further makes Krishna and his cowherdesses the starting point of the *van gita*, a representation consisting of a mixture of song, music, and dancing. The *Gita-govinda* is concerned with Krishna, and the modern *Yatras* generally represent scenes from the life of that deity. From all this it seems likely that the Indian drama was developed in connection with the cult of Vishnu-Krishna, and that the earliest acted representation were therefore, like the mysteries of

the Christian Middle Ages, a kind of religious plays, in which scenes from the legend of the god were enacted mainly with the aid of song and dance, supplemented with prose dialogue improvised by the performers

The drama has had a rich and varied development in India, as is shown not only by the numerous plays that have been preserved but by the native treatises on poetics which contain elaborate rules for the construction and style of plays. Thus the *Sahitya darpana*, or "Mirror of Rhetoric" divides Sanskrit dramas into two main classes, a higher (*rūpaka*) and a lower (*uparūpaka*) and distinguishes no fewer than ten species of the former and eighteen of the latter

The characteristic features of the Indian drama which strikes the Western student are the entire absence of tragedy, the interchange of lyrical stanzas with prose dialogue, and the use of Sanskrit for some characters and of *Prakrit* for others

The Sanskrit drama is a mixed composition in which joy is mingled with sorrow, in which the jester usually plays a prominent part, while the hero and heroine are often in the depths of despair. But it never has a sad ending. The emotions of terror, grief or pity, with which the audience are inspired, are therefore always tranquillised by the happy termination of the story. Nor may any deeply tragic incident take place in the course of the play, for death is never allowed to be represented on the stage. Indeed nothing considered indecorous whether of a

serious or comic character is allowed to be enacted *in the sight or hearing of the spectators*, such as the utterance of a curse, degradation banishment, national calamity, biting scratching kissing, eating or sleeping

and the better class of servants, speak *Sauraseni*. *Magadhi* is used, for instance, by attendants in the royal palace, *Avanti* by rogues or gamblers, *Abhiri* by cowherds, *Paisachi* by charcoal-burners, and *Apabhramsa* by the lowest and most despised people as barbarians.

The Sanskrit dramatists show considerable skill in weaving the incidents of the plot and in the portrayal of individual character, but do not show much fertility of invention, commonly borrowing the story of their plays from history or epic legend. Love is the subject of most Indian dramas. The hero, usually a king already the husband of one or more wives, is smitten at first sight with the charms of some fair maiden. The heroine, equally susceptible, at once reciprocates his affection, but concealing her passion, keeps her lover in agonies or suspense. Harassed by doubts, obstacles, and delays, both are reduced to a melancholy and emaciated condition. The somewhat doleful effect produced by their plight is relieved by the animated doings of the heroine's confidants, but especially by the proceedings of the court jester (*vidushika*), the constant companion of the hero. He excites ridicule by his bodily defects no less than his clumsy interference with the course of the hero's affairs. His attempts at wit are however, not of a high order. It is somewhat strange that a character occupying the position of a universal butt should always be a Brahmin.

While the Indian drama shows some affinities with Greek comedy it affords more striking points of resemblance to the productions of the Elizabethan

playwrights and in particular of Shakespeare. The aim of the Indian dramatists is not to portray types of character but individual persons nor do they observe the rule of unity of time or place. They are given to introducing romantic and fabulous elements they mix prose with verse they blend the comic with the serious and introduce puns and comic distortions of words. The character of the *vidushaka* too, is a close parallel to the fool in Shakespeare. Common to both are also several contrivances intended to further action of the drama such as the writing of letters, the introduction of a play within a play, the restoration of the dead to life and the use of intoxication on the stage as a humorous device. Such a series of coincidences in a case where influence or borrowing is absolutely out of the question is an instructive instance of how similar developments can arise independently.

vacant till the end of the act nor does any change of locality take place till then. Before a new act an interlude (called *visbhambha* or *pravesaka*), consisting of a monologue or dialogue, is often introduced. In this scene allusion is made to events supposed to have occurred in the interval, and the audience are prepared for what is about to take place. The whole piece closes with a prayer for national prosperity, which is addressed to the favourite deity and is spoken by one of the principal characters.

The number of acts in a play varies from one to ten, but, while fluctuating somewhat, is determined by the character of the drama. Thus the species called *natika* has four acts and the farcical *prahasana* only one.

The duration of the events is supposed to be identical with the time occupied in performing them on the stage, or, at most, a day, and a night is assumed to elapse between each act and that which follows. Occasionally, however, the interval is much longer. Thus in Kalidasa's *Sakuntala* and *Urvashi* several years pass between the first and the last act while in Bhavabhuti's *Uttara ramcharita* no less than twice the years elapse between the first and the second act.

Nor is unity of place observed, for the scene may be transferred from one part of the earth to another, or even to the aerial regions. Change of locality sometimes occurs even within the same act, as when a journey is supposed to be performed through the air in a celestial car. It is somewhat curious that while there are many and minute stage directions about dress and decorations no less than

about the actions of the players, nothing is said in this way as to the change of scene. As regards the number of characters appearing in a play, no limit of any kind is imposed.

There were no special theatres in the Indian Middle Ages, and plays seems to have been performed in the concert room (*samgita-sala*) of royal palaces. A curtain divided in the middle was a necessary part of the stage arrangement, it did not, however, separate the audience from the stage, as in the Roman theatre, but formed the background of the stage. Behind the curtain was the tiring room (*nepathya*), whence the actors came on the stage. When they were intended to enter hurriedly, they were directed to do so "with a toss of the curtain." The stage scenery and decorations were of a very simple order, much being left to the imagination of the spectator, as in the Shakespearian drama. Weapons, seats, thrones, and chariots appeared on the stage, but it is highly improbable that the latter were drawn by the living animals supposed to be attached to them. Owing to the very frequent intercourse between the inhabitants of heaven and earth, there may have been some kind of aerial contrivance to represent celestial chariots, but owing to the repeated occurrence of the stage direction "gesticulating" (*natayisia*) in this connection, it is to be supposed that the impression of motion and speed was produced on the audience simply by the gestures of the acts.

The best productions of the Indian drama are nearly a dozen in number, and date from a period embracing something like four hundred years, from

about the beginning of the fifth to the end of the eighth century A.D. These plays are the compositions of the great dramatists Kalidasa and Bhavabhuti, or have come down under the names of the royal patrons *Cudrika* and *Grishabha*, to whom their real authors attributed them.

The greatest of all is *KALIDASA*, already known to us as the author of several of the best *Kavyas*. Three of his plays have been preserved, *Sakuntala*, *Vikramorvasi*, and *Malavikagnimitra*. The richness of creative fancy which he displays in these, and his skill in the expression of tender feeling, assign him a high place among the dramatists of the world. The harmony of the poetic sentiment is nowhere disturbed by anything violent or terrifying. Every passion is softened without being enfeebled. The ardour of love never goes beyond aesthetic bounds, it never maddens to wild jealousy or hate. The torments of sorrow are toned down to a profound and touching melancholy. It was here at last that the Indian genius found the law of moderation in poetry, which it hardly knew elsewhere, and thus produced works of enduring beauty. Hence it was that *Sakuntala* exercised so great a fascination on the calm intellect of Goethe, who at the same time was so strongly repelled by the extravagances of Hindu mythological art.

In comparison with the Greek and the modern drama Nature occupies a much more important place in Sanskrit plays. The characters are surrounded by nature with which they are in constant communion. The mango and other trees,

creeper, lotuses, and palered trumpet flowers, gazelles, flamingoes, bright-hued parrots, and Indian cuckoos, in the midst of which they move, are often addressed by them and form an essential part of their lives. Hence the influence of nature on the minds of lovers is much dwelt on. Prominent every where in classical Sanskrit poetry, these elements of Nature lurinate most of all in the drama.

The finest of Kalidasa's works are, it cannot be denied, defective as stage-plays. The very delicacy of the sentiment, combined with a certain want of action, renders them incapable of producing a powerful effect on an audience. The best representatives of the romantic drama of India are *Sakuntala* and *Vikramorvasi*. Dealing with the love adventures of two famous kings of ancient epic legend, they represent scenes far removed from reality, in which heaven and earth are not separated, and men, demigods, nymphs, and saints are intermingled. *Malavikagnimitra*, on the other hand, not concerned with the heroic or divine, is a palace and-harem drama, a story of contemporary love and intrigue.

The plot of *Sakuntala* is derived from the first book of the *Mahabharata*. The hero is Dushyanta, a celebrated king of ancient days, the heroine, *Sakuntala*, the daughter of a celestial nymph, Menala, and of the sage Visvamitra, while their son, Bharata, became the founder of a famous race. The piece consists of seven acts, and belongs to the class of drama by native writers on poems, styled *nataka* or "the play." In this the plot must be taken from mythology or history, the character must be heroic or

divine, it should be written in elaborate style, and full of noble sentiments, with five acts at least and not more than ten

After the prelude, in which an actress sings a charming lyric on the beauties of summer time, King Dushyanta appears pursuing a gazelle in the sacred grove of the sage Kanva. Here he catches sight of *Sakuntala*, who, accompanied by her two maiden friends, is engaged in watering her favourite trees. Struck by her beauty, he exclaims —

*Her lip is ruddy as an opening bud,
Her graceful arms resemble tender shoots
Attractive as the bloom upon the tree,
The Glow of youth is spread on all her limbs*

Seizing an opportunity of addressing her, he soon feels that it is impossible for him to return to his capital —

*My limbs move forward, while my heart flies
back,
Like silken standard borne against the breeze*

In the second act the comic element is introduced with the jester Mathivya, who is as much disgusted with his master's love lorn condition as with his fondness for the chase. In the third act, the love-sick *Sakuntala* is discovered lying on a bed of flowers in an arbour. The king overhears her conversation with her two friends, shows himself, and offers to wed the heroine. An interlude explains how a choleric ascetic, named Durvasa, enraged at not being greeted by *Sakuntala* with due courtesy, owing to her pre oc-

cupied state, had pronounced a curse which should cause her to be entirely forgotten by her lover, who could recognise her only by means of a ring

The King having meanwhile married Sakuntala and returned home, the sage Kanva has resolved to send her to her husband. The way in which Sakuntala takes leave of the sacred grove in which she has been brought up, of her flowers her gazelles, and her friends, is charmingly described in the fourth act. This is the act which contains the most obvious beauties, for here the poet displays to the full the richness of his fancy his abundant sympathy with Nature, and a profound knowledge of the human heart

A young Brahman pupil thus describes the dawning of the day on which Sakuntala is to leave the forest hermitage—

*On yonder side the moon, the Lord of Planets,
Sinks down behind the western mountain's
crest,*

*On this, the sun preceded by the dawn
Appears the setting and the rise at once
Of these two orbs the symbols are of man's
Own fluctuating fortunes in the world*

Then he continues—

*The moon has gone, the lilies on the lake,
Whose beauty lingers in the memory,
No more delight my gaze they droop and
fade,
Deep is their sorrow for their absent lord*

The aged hermit of the grove thus expressed his feeling at the approaching loss of Sakuntala—

*My heart is touched with sadness at the
thought*

*"Sakuntala must go to day", my throat
Is choked with flow of tears repressed, my
sight*

*Is dimmed with pensiveness but if the grief
Of an old forest hermit is so great,
How keen must be the pang a father feels
When freshly parted from a cherished child!*

Then calling on the trees to give her a kindly fare-well, he exclaims—

*The trees, the kinsmen of her forest home,
Now to Sakuntala give leave to go
They with the Kokila's melodious cry
Their answer make*

Thereupon the following good wishes are uttered by voices in the air—

*Thy journey be auspicious, may the breeze,
Gentle and soothing, fan thy cheek, may lak s
All bright with lily cups delight thine eyes,
The sunbeams' heart be cooled by shady trees,
The dust beneath thy feet the pollen be
Of lotuses*

The fifth act, in which Sakuntala appears before her husband, is deeply moving. The king fails to recognise her, and though treating her not unkindly, refuses to acknowledge her as his wife. As a last resource, Sakuntala bethinks herself of the ring

given her by her husband, but on discovering that it is lost, abandons hope. She is then borne off to heaven by celestial agency.

In the following interlude we see a fisherman dragged along by constables for having in his possession the royal signet-ring, which he professes to have found inside a fish. The king, however, causes him to be set free, rewarding him handsomely for his find. Recollection of his former love now returns to Dushyanta. While he is indulging in sorrow at his repudiation of Sakuntala, Matali, Indra's charioteer, appears on the scene to ask the king's aid in vanquishing the demons.

In the last act Dushyanta is seen driving in Indra's car to Hemakuta, the mountain of the Gandharvas. Here he sees a young boy playing with a lion cub. Taking his hand, without knowing him to be his own son, he exclaims—

*If now the touch of but a stranger's child
Thus sends a thrill of joy through all my limbs,
What transports must he waken in the soul
Of that blest father from whose loins he
sprang!*

Soon after he finds and recognises Sakuntala, with whom he is at length happily reunited.

Kalidasa's play has come down to us in two main recensions. The so called Devanagari one, shorter and more concise, is probably the older and better. The more diffuse Bengal recension became known first through the translation of Sir William Jones.

Vikramorvasi, or 'Urvashi won by Valour,' is a

play in five acts, belonging to the class called *Trofaka*, which is described as representing events partly terrestrial and partly celestial, and as consisting of five, seven, eight, or nine acts. Its plot is briefly as follows. King Pururaviś, hearing from nymphs that their companion, Urvāṣī has been carried off by demons, goes to the rescue and brings her back on his car. He is enraptured by the beauty of the nymph, no less than she is captivated by her deliverer. Urvāṣī being summoned before the throne of Indra, the lovers are soon obliged to part.

In the second act Urvāṣī appears for a short time to the king as he disconsolately wanders in the garden. A letter, in which she had written a confession of her love is discovered by the queen, who refuses to be pacified.

In the third act we learn that Urvāṣī had been acting before Indra in a play representing the betrothal of Lakṣmī and had, when asked on whom her heart was set, named Pururavas instead of Puruṣhotama (i.e. Viṣṇu). She is consequently cursed by her teacher, Bhīrat but is forgiven by Indra who allows her to be united with Pururavas till the latter sees his offspring.

The fourth act is peculiar in being almost entirely lyrical. The lovers are wandering near Kailāś, the divine mountain, when Urvāṣī, in a fit of jealousy, enters the grove of Kumāra, god of war, which is forbidden to all females. In consequence of Bharat's curse, she is instantly transformed into a creeper. The king, beside himself with grief at her loss, seeks her everywhere. He apostrophises various insects, birds,

beasts, and even a mountain peak, to tell him where she is. At last he thinks he sees her in the mountain stream —

*The rippling wave is like frown, the row
Of tossing birds her girdle, streaks of foam
Her fluttering garment as she speeds along,
The current, her devious and stumbling gait
Tis she turned in her wrath into a stream*

Finally, under the influence of a magic stone, which has come into his possession, he clasps a creeper, which is transformed into Urvashi in his arms.

Between the fourth and fifth acts several years elapse. Then Pururavas by accident, discovers his son Ayus whom Urvashi had secretly borne, and had caused to be brought up in a hermitage. Urvashi must therefore return to heaven. Indra, however, in return for Pururavas services against the demon, makes a new concession, and allows the nymph to remain with the king for good.

There are two recensions of this play also, one of them belonging to Southern India.

The doubts long entertained, on the ground of its inferiority and different character, as to whether *Malavikagnimitra*, or 'Malavika and Agnimitra,' is really the work of Kalidasa, who is mentioned in the prologue as the author are hardly justified. The piece has been shown by Weber to agree pretty closely in thought and diction with the two other plays of the poet, and though certainly not equal to the latter in the poetic merit, it possesses many beauties. The subject is not heroic or divine, the plot being derived

from the ordinary palace life of Indian princes, and thus supplying a peculiarly good picture of the social conditions of the times. The hero is a historical king of the dynasty of the Sungas, who reigned at Vidisa (Bhilsa) in the second century B.C. The play describes the loves of this king Agnimitra and of Malavika, one of the attendants of the queen, who jealously keeps her out of the king's sight on account of her great beauty. The various endeavours of the king to see and converse with Malavika give rise to numerous little intrigues. In the course of these Agnimitra nowhere appears as a despot, but acts with much delicate consideration for the feelings of his spouses. It finally turns out that Malavika is by birth a princess, who had only come to be an attendant at Agnimitra's court through having fallen into the hands of robbers. There being now no objection to her union with the king, all ends happily.

While Kalidasa stands highest in poetical refinement, in tenderness, and depth of feeling the author of the *Mricchakatika*, or 'Clay Cart', is pre-eminent among Indian playwrights for the distinctively dramatic qualities of vigour, life, and action, no less than sharpness of characterisation, being thus allied in genius to Shakespeare. This play is also marked by originality and good sense. Attributed to a king named Sudrika, who is panegyrised in the prologue, it is probably the work of a poet patronised by him, perhaps Dandin, as Professor Pischel thinks. In any case, it not improbably belongs to the sixth century. It is divided into ten acts, and belongs to the dramatic class called *prakarana*. The name has little to

do with the play, being derived from an unimportant episode of the sixth act. The scene is laid in Ujjayini and its neighbourhood. The number of characters appearing on the stage is very considerable. The chief among them are Charudatta, a Brahman merchant who has lost all his property by excessive liberalism, and Vasantasena, a rich courtesan who loves the poor but noble Charudatta, and ultimately becomes his wife. The third act contains a humorous account of a burglary in which stealing is treated as a fine art. In the fourth act there is a detailed description of the splendour of Vasantasena's palace. Though containing much exaggeration, it furnishes an interesting picture of the kind of luxury that prevailed in those days. Altogether the play abounds in comic situations besides containing many serious scenes,

somewhat different form in Somadeva's *Katbasarī sagara*. As concerned with the second marriage of the king it forms a sequel to the popular love story of *Viśvadevī*. It is impossible to say whether the poet modified the main outlines of the traditional story but the character of the magician who conjures up a vision of the gods and a conflagration, is his invention, as well as the incidents, which are of an entirely domestic nature. The real author was doubtless some poet resident of Śrīharsha's court possibly Bana, who also wrote a play entitled *Parvatīparinaya*.

Altogether, *Ratnavali* is an agreeable play, with well drawn characters and many poetical beauties. Of the latter the following lines in which the king describes the pale light in the east heralding the rise of the moon may serve as a specimen —

*Our minds intent upon the festival,
We saw not that the twilight passed away
Behold, the east proclaims the lord of night
Still hidden by the mountain where he rises,
Even as a maiden by her pale face shows
That in her inmost heart a lover dwells*

Another play of considerable merit attributed to Śrīharsha is *Naginandī*. It is a sensational piece with a Buddhistic colouring, the hero being a Buddhist and Buddha being praised in the introductory benefaction. For this reason its author was probably different from that of *Ratnavali* and may have been Dhavakī, who like Bana, is known to have lived at the court of Śrīharsha.

The dramatist BHAVABHUTI was a Brahmin of the Taittiriya school of the *Yajur-veda* and belonged

as we learn from his prologues, to Vidarbha (now Berar) in Southern India. He knew the city of Ujjain well, and probably spent at least a part of his life there. His patron was King Yasovarman of Kanakubja (Kannauj) who ruled during the first half of the eighth century.

Three plays by this poet, all abounding in poetic beauties have come down to us. They contrast in two or three respects with the works of the earlier dramatists. The absence of the character of the jester is characteristic of them. the comic and witty element

by Makaranda, who, personating Malatī, goes through the wedding ceremony with the bridegroom. The lovers, aided in their projects by two amiable Buddhist nuns, are finally united. The piece is a sort of Indian *Romeo and Juliet* with a happy ending, the part played by the nun Kamandakī being analogous to that of Friar Laurence in Shakespeare's drama. The contrast produced by scenes of tender love, and the horrible doing of the Priestess of the dread goddess Durgā is certainly effective, but perhaps too violent. The use made of swoons, from which the recovery is, however, very rapid, is rather too common in this play.

The Ninth act contains several fine passages describing the scenery of the Vindhya range. The following is a translation of one of them —

*This mountain with its towering rocks delights
The eye its peaks grow dark with gathering
clouds,*

*Its groves are thronged with peacocks eloquent
In song, the trees upon its slopes are bright
With birds that flit about their nests, the
caves*

*Reverberate the growl of bears, the scent
Of incense trees is wafted, sharp and cool,
From branches broken off by elephants*

The other two dramas of Bhavabhūti represent the fortunes of the same national hero, Rāmā. The plot of the *Mahatma charita*, or 'The Fortunes of the Great Hero' varies but slightly from the story told in the *Ramayana*. The play which is divided

into seven acts and is crowded with characters, concludes with the coronation of Rama. The last act illustrates well how much is left to the imagination of the spectator. It represents the journey of Rama in an aerial car from Ceylon all the way to Ayodhya (Oudh) in Northern India, the scenes traversed being described by one of the company.

The *Uttara rama charita*, or "The Later Fortunes of Rama," is a romantic piece containing many fine passages. Owing to lack of action, however, it is rather a dramatic poem than a play. The description of the tender love of Rama and Sita, purified by sorrow, exhibits more genuine pathos than appears perhaps in any other Indian drama. The play begins with the banishment of Sita and ends with her restoration, after twelve years of grievous solitude, to the throne of Ayodhya amid popular acclamations. Her two sons, born after her banishment and reared in the wilderness by the sage Valmiki, without any knowledge of their royal descent furnish a striking parallel to the two princes Guiderius and Arviragus who are brought up by the hermit Belarius in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*. The scene in which their meeting with their father Rama is described reaches a high degree of poetic merit.

Among the works of other dramatists, VISAKHAPATTA's *Mudra-rakshasa*, or "Rakshasa and the Seal," deserves special mention because of its unique character. For, unlike all the other dramas hitherto described, it is a play of political intrigue, composed, moreover, with much dramatic talent, being full of life, action, and sustained interest. Nothing more

definite can be said as to its date than that it was probably written not later than about 800 A D. The action of the piece takes place in the time of Chandragupta, who, soon after Alexander's invasion of India, founded a new dynasty at Pataliputra by deposing the last king of the Nanda line. Rakshasa, the minister of the latter, refusing to recognise the usurper, endeavours to be avenged on him for the ruin of his late master. The plot turns on the efforts of the Brahman Chanakya, the minister of Chandragupta, to win over the noble Rakshasa to his master's cause. In this he is ultimately successful.

BHATTANARAYANA's *Venisambhara*, or 'Binding of the braid of hair,' is a play in six acts, deriving its plot from the *Mahabharata*. Its action turns on the incident of Draupadi being dragged by the hair of her head into the assembly by one of the brothers of Duryodhana. Its age is known from its author having been the grantee of a copperplate dated 840 A D. Though not conspicuous for poetic merit, it has long been a great favourite in India owing to its express partiality for the cult of Krishna.

To about 900 A D belongs the poet RAJASEKHARA, the distinguishing feature of whose dramas are lightness and grace of diction. Four of his plays have survived, and are entitled *Viddha-calabhanjika*, *Kaipura-manjari*, *Bala-ramayana*, and *Prachanda-pandava* or *Bala-bharata*.

The poet KSHEMISVARA, who probably lived in the tenth century A D at Kanyakubja under King Mahipala, is the author of a play named *Chanda-kauśika*, or 'The Angry Kauśika.'

In the eleventh century DAMODARA MISRA composed the *Hanuman nataka*, "The play of Hanumat," also called *Maha nataka* or "The Great Play." According to tradition, he lived at the court of Bhoja, king of Malava, who resided at Dhara (now Dhar) and Ujjayini (Ujjain) in the early part of the eleventh century. It is a piece of little merit, dealing with the story of Rama in connection with his ally Hanumat, the monkey chief. It consists of fourteen acts, lacking coherence, and producing the impression of fragments patched together.

KRISHNA MISRA's *Prabodha chandrodaya*, or 'Rise of the Moon of Knowledge,' a play in six acts, dating from about the end of the eleventh century, deserves special attention as one of the most remarkable products of Indian literature. Though an allegorical piece of theologico philosophical purport, in which practically only abstract notions and symbolical figures act as persons, it is remarkable for dramatic life and vigour. It aims at glorifying orthodox Brahmanism in the Vishnuite sense, just as the allegorical plays of the Spanish poet Calderon were intended to exalt the Catholic faith. The Indian poet has succeeded in the difficult task of creating an attractive play with abstractions like Revelation, Will, Reason, Religion, by transforming them into living beings of flesh and blood. The evil King Error appears on the scene as ruler of Benares, surrounded by his faithful adherents, the Follies and Vices, while Religion and the noble King Reason, accompanied by all the Virtues, have been banished. There is, however, a prophecy that Reason will some day be

reunited with Revelation, the fruit of the union will be True Knowledge, which will destroy the reign of Error. The struggle for this union and its consummation, followed by the final triumph of the good party, forms the plot of the piece.

A large number of Sanskrit plays have been written since the twelfth century down to modern times, their plots being generally derived from the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*. Besides these, there are farces in one or more acts mostly of a coarse type, in which various vices, such as hypocrisy, are satirised. These later productions reach a much lower level of art than the works of the early Indian dramatist.

CHARLES LAMB

THE CONVALESCENT

A pretty severe fit of indisposition which, under the name of a nervous fever has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conclusions from me this month, reader, I can offer you *only sick men's dreams*.

And truly the whole state of sickness is such, for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie abed, and draw daylight curtains about him, and shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it? To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick bed. How the patient lords it there, what caprices he acts with out control! how king like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and thumping, and flatting and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

He changes *sides* oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length then half length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed, and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his *Mare Clausum*.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's

self to himself! he is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hears not the jarring of them, affects him not.

A little while ago he was greatly concerned in the event of a law suit, which was to be the making or the marring of his dearest friend. He was to be seen trudging about upon this man's errand to fifty quarters of the town at one jogging this witness, refreshing that solicitor. The cause was to come on yesterday. He is absolutely as indifferent to the decision, as if it were a question to be tried at Peking. Peradventure from some whispering, going on about the house, not intended for his hearing, he picks up enough to make him understand, that things went crossgrained in the Court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word 'friend,' and the word 'ruin,' disturb him no more than so much jargon. He is not to think of anything but how to get better.

What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration!

He has put on his strong armour of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering, he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself, he yearneth over himself. His bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers, he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

He is for ever plotting how to do some good to

himself, studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations

He makes the most of himself, dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals, as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a long, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over, and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart.

He is his own sympathiser, and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths, and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are, only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when the doctor makes his daily call, and even in the lines on that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as *the sick man*. To what other uneasy couch the good man is hastening, when he slips out his chamber, folding up his thin *douceur* so carefully, for fear of rustling—is no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular

return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow

Household rumours touch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the house, soothes him, while he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know anything, not to think of any thing. Servants gliding up or down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exact knowledge would be a burden to him, he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at the dull stroke of the muffled knocker and closes it again without asking 'Who was it?' He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are made after him, but he cares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state, and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives. Compare the silent tread, and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demeanour, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open) of the very same attendants when he is getting a little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature, where is now the space, which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye?

The scene of his regalities, his sick room which

was his presence chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bedroom! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is *made* every day. How unlike to that wavy, many furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to *make* it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated, then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was a historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease, and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.

Hushed are those mysterious sighs—those groans—so much more awful, while we knew not from what caverns of vast hidden suffering they proceeded. The Lernean pangs are quenched. The riddle of sickness is solved, and Philoctetes is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he too changed with everything else! Can this be he—this man of news—of chat—of anecdote—of everything but physic—can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his cruel enemy, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, erecting herself into a high

mediating party?—Pshaw! 'tis some old woman.

Farewell with him all that made sickness pompous—the spell that hushed the household—the desert-like stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers—the mute attendance—the inquiry by looks—the still softer delicacies of self-attention—the sole and single eye of distemper lonely fixed upon itself—world thought I, but it is something hard—and the quibble, his own theatre—

WHAT A SPLAK IS HE DWINDLED INTO!

In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of sickness, yet far enough from the terra firma of established health, your note, dear Editor, reached me, requesting—in article *In Articulo Mortis*, thought I, but it is something hard—and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty businesses of life, which I had lost sight of, a gentle call to activity, however trivial, a whole some warning from that preposterous dream of self-absorption—the puffy state of sickness—in which I confess to have lain so long, insensible to the magazines and monarchies of the world alike, to its laws and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding, the acres, which in imagination I had spread over—for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single sufferings, till he becomes a Tityus to himself—are wasting to a span, and for the giant of self-importance, which I was so lately, you have me one again in my natural pretensions—the lean and meagre figure of your insignificant Essayist

WHAT SCIENCE CAN DO

(And What It Cannot)

HOW WE STARTED KNOWING

We can none of us remember what the world looked like when first we opened our eyes upon it, but we can be sure that it must have seemed very confusing and perplexing. Even now we are always coming across something that we have never met before, so imagine how bewildering it must have been when we began at the beginning, and everything in the world was strange and new.

Of course, we began at once finding out things about it. Almost the first thing we must have noticed as we were learning to use our eyes, must have been that some things remained still, and that others moved. We found, too, that somethings in moving gave us a sensation quite different from seeing this we came to recognise as their touching us. Then we discovered that we could move some of the things we saw, and recognised these as parts of our own body and the things they acted upon. And so our knowledge grew.

All this was at the very beginning, so long ago that we have forgotten about it. But it is easy to see that we had to *learn* to understand the difference between what was our own body and what was not, between things near to us, such as our toys, which we could touch, and far off things, such as

the other side of the street, or the moon which were out of reach. And from this we went on, the world opening to us rather like a field covered in mist seems to open out and grow bigger as the mist lifts. Before long we began to understand that there were two chief kinds of things in the world. First there were the living things. These included other people like ourselves with whom we could talk and do things, and animals which, though they did not talk, often made very good friends. Then there were the things that weren't alive such as the furniture or houses or the moon.

But we can only have come to see the difference between these two kinds of things rather gradually. At first we must almost certainly have thought that the fire in the grate, the clouds we saw moving in the sky or a ball that we saw roll off the table, were living things. At the same time it wasn't easy to think of plants as being alive.

Our parents must have played a big part in helping us to distinguish between living and nonliving things. If our parents instead of being civilised people had belonged to a primitive tribe they could never have taught us to make any clear distinction between them. This is because primitive people haven't yet learnt to recognise the distinction. Even if we had been born amongst the people living in England only two thousand years ago we should probably have looked upon any moving thing such as a flame or a running stream as being alive or at least as being controlled by a kind of spirit (*see History of Ideas p 446*)

At first it was quite natural for us to look upon every kind of thing as being alive, it made us feel that we could understand it better. Most of us can remember looking upon our toys, and moving things, like motor cars, as being really alive, and in looking upon our pets as being actually a kind of people, it would not have surprised us at all if they had suddenly started a conversation with us. All this was great fun.

But as we grew up we gradually had to give up these ways of thinking, and had to learn to say that it was only fancy that made us do it. That was rather sad, as it made the world seem cold and indifferent to us. Instead of being full of things which we could talk to, and which we could sometimes love, it began to appear quite inhuman, and full of things the most we could do with was to understand and try to control.

ANIMISM

But as a matter of fact people never do altogether give up the belief that things in the world are really alive. This we can see from the way they talk. In almost all foreign languages every noun has a gender, this shows that people talk of things as though they were a kind of man or woman or thing. We ourselves in England often talk of the moon as *she*, or of the sun as *he*. And then we are inclined to talk of the crops as *wanting* rain, or of rivers *finding* their way to the sea, and even the most unimaginative can sometimes be caught swearing when they bark their shins against something, or

when they can't get the number they want on the telephone. But of course they wouldn't admit that they really thought the thing they were swearing at was able to understand what they said.

But it isn't only in this that people give a hint they still half believe in things being alive. Whenever you hear anyone ask *why* anything happens—*why*, for example the water in the kettle boils when you put it on the fire or *why* a stone falls when you let it go—they are really suggesting that the water and the stone might actually do quite different things but that they do what you actually see them do because they want to or because there is something in them which makes them do it.

This belief which supposes that things are controlled by a kind of will or spirit is called animism, from a Latin word *anima*, which means spirit. The word turns up in another form when we talk of things being animated.

Sometimes when a controlling spirit is thought of as actually having a human form or as acting in a definitely human way belief in it is called anthropomorphism from two Greek words meaning human shape. You will find both Richard Hughes and Gerold Heird discussing this later on.

SCIENCE

One of the things which makes the world so interesting today is that people are rapidly giving up the animistic beliefs which guided most of their actions in the past.

The reason for this is that definite orderliness has been recognised in the world.

If, instead of being mystified by what you see happening in the world you set about observing it very carefully, and start making experiments, you find that things that resemble one another also behave in similar ways under similar conditions. Different pieces of iron for example, at different times and at different places always rust when exposed to air and to damp at the same time. Again different people show similar symptoms of illness when they are infected by the same germ. As soon as you have found out enough about the conditions under which any particular thing happens you can start foretelling when it will happen again, and can even make it happen, or prevent its happening, by controlling the conditions.

This gives us great power over nature and, as we are coming to realise it more and more clearly, the belief that the world is mysteriously and erratically controlled by spirits is rapidly being given up. Instead of praying to these spirits for what we want, we are learning more and more to have confidence in setting about studying the conditions necessary to bring about what we want.

The study of the conditions under which things happen is the task of science.

Science, besides showing how happenings that obviously resemble one another, like the rusting of different pieces of iron or like two people having the same illness depend upon similar conditions, has also discovered important resemblances between happen-

ings which at first sight do not seem to resemble one another at all. The rusting of iron, for example, seems to have very little resemblance to the burning of fire. And yet science has discovered that the two happenings are alike in that they both depend upon the substance combining with a gas called oxygen in the air. So too there is a definite resemblance between the motion of bodies that are let fall and the motion of planets round the sun. This resemblance isn't at all easy to see and it was the great achievement of Newton that he did see it. He showed that both these kinds of motion happen in the same way, and can be described as being due to a force of attraction called gravitation.

LAWS OF NATURE

As a matter of fact, our whole language, because it has been built up as a means of conversing and co operating with other people in pre scientific ages, is highly charged with animistic meanings. It is almost impossible to say anything about nonliving things that does not suggest that they act upon one another in the same way as we ourselves, or other people, act upon things—that is, by wanting and deciding to. This is a great disadvantage in science, where it is necessary to get away from animistic beliefs. To escape from them, scientists are taking more and more to putting their results in the special language of mathematical equations. This describes how things happen, without at all suggesting that they have any likeness to human action.

All the same, scientists in their use of ordinary speech are very much given to using words with very animistic meanings. They talk of the "life" of radium, of chemical substance, being "active" and of atoms being 'excited' almost as freely as a poet might talk of flames being "hungry". When you come to read the scientific parts of this book you will recognise lots of words being used animistically. You will find that these words as a rule make what you read about seem much more vivid and exciting. This is because they suggest all sorts of things that you are familiar and on good terms with. But though the use of these words may make you feel that you are understanding particularly clearly some thing that the scientist is telling you, you must remember that they all carry with them animistic

meanings that science is really busy contradicting. If you were to ask a scientist to write about his subject purposely leaving out all the words that were at all strongly animistic, what he wrote would necessarily seem dull and heavy. You mightn't like it so much, but it would be more scientific. For it to be completely scientific most of what the scientists had to say would have to be written as mathematics. That you almost certainly wouldn't like, but it would be still more scientific!

HOW LAWS ARE DISCOVERED

We are so used to hearing of the laws of science that we seldom stop to think how they are discovered. A scientist certainly does not discover new laws by going up a mountain like Moses and bringing them back inscribed on tablets of stone. It is a much longer and more difficult process. The scientist first notices that there is a resemblance between a number of things which he has observed and between the conditions under which they take place. He then says to himself, if this kind of thing always takes place under these conditions it must follow that certain other things besides the things I have observed will also happen. He then sets out to find out whether these other things which he has prophesied do really happen or not. If they do it will make him think his law more and more likely to be true. If none of the things he prophesied do happen, of course, he knows that he was altogether wrong, and must start again. But suppose that a law seems fairly well established, a lot of the

prophecies have come true, and then something happens which is not exactly according to the rule. This can mean two things—the law may be right, but the observations insufficient, or the observations may be right and the law wrong. A very good example of this is found in the motion of the planets.

It was discovered first that there were irregularities in the orbit of Uranus, which, if the planetary system consisted of only the planets already discovered, could not be accounted for by Newton's laws. If, on the other hand, there was another planet outside Uranus, so faint that no one had noticed it, the attraction between it and Uranus might account for the variations in the orbit which were giving trouble. It was even found possible to work out on paper that it should be found at a certain time in a certain part of the sky. When the telescopes were turned on that part of the sky, there it was, a new planet—Neptune—had been discovered.

So far the law was proved right, it was the observation which had been insufficient.

But then it was observed that Mercury, the nearest planet to the sun, also seemed to show irregularities in its orbit. Astronomers, encouraged by their former success, concluded that there must be another planet even nearer to the sun than Mercury, although no such planet had ever been seen. They went so far as to give it a name, Vulcan, they calculated where it should be, they turned their telescopes on the spot—but Vulcan wasn't there. The astronomers had now to admit that the laws of

Newton—which they thought established beyond question—might be wrong. It remained for Einstein with his theory of relativity to suggest a law which would account not only for the motion of the planet Mercury but also for everything that was accounted for by the laws of Newton. It was this apparently unimportant irregularity in the movement of an unimportant little planet—things which an ordinary newspaper wouldn't think worth mentioning in its news columns—which caused one of the most important revolutions in the history of science and altered all our ideas about the nature of the universe.

The important thing about scientific laws is that they enable the scientist to predict what will happen under particular conditions. They are therefore an important guide in making practical use of material things. For example it is through a knowledge of the laws of chemistry that chemists can make such things as medicines, dyes, or metals with particularly useful properties. It is through a knowledge of the laws of heredity that biologists are able to breed plants and animals which have qualities of particular importance. And we could go on giving other examples indefinitely. In fact all the things that make our age so materially different from all that have preceded it such as our improved health, our power to fly in airplanes, to talk across oceans, and to make machines of every kind are a result of the careful application of our knowledge of the laws of nature.

THE DIFFERENT SCIENCES

Scientists have found it possible to describe the behaviour of things of every kind according to laws. But as a matter of convenience they have found it best to study different kinds of things separately as special sciences. To these they give special names. The science which studies living things is called biology. The branch of this which deals with plants is called botany, the branch which deals with animals is called zoology, the branch which deals especially with our own bodies is called physiology. Then there are the sciences which study non-living things. Of these, the most important are astronomy, which studies the composition and structure of the universe, geology, which studies the composition and structure of the earth, chemistry, which studies the composition and structure of different substances found on the earth and how they change into one another, physics, which takes on the problem of what substances are made of at the point where chemistry leaves off, and finally mathematics, which studies and develops the ways of thinking that are especially valuable in science.

These sciences are not, of course, really separate and distinct, but all overlap with one another. All living things, for example, are composed of the same kind of matter as is studied by physics and chemistry. A knowledge of these sciences is therefore important in helping the biologist to understand the changes that he has seen happening in living things.

But the method of discovery is the same in all sciences, it depends upon observing things closely and discovering "laws" by which they can be described

SCIENCE AND LIVING THINGS

In studying living things, the biologist has to avoid animistic explanations and look for laws to describe what he sees happen, just as much as the physicist has to in studying non living things. The physicist does not say that a stone falls because it wants to, or because it likes the earth, he shows that its falling is like that of other things that have weight, and that its motion can be foretold according to the law of gravitation. In the same way the biologist must not say that a plant grows towards the light because it wants to, or because it likes the light, he must show that the plant grows according to biological laws. He must show how the light acts upon the leaves of the plant, and must trace the effect of this through a number of chemical and physical changes on the direction in which the plant grows. He must show that what happens at each stage is in accordance with accepted laws of biology.

Exactly the same applies to the scientific study of people. If a scientist sees a man reach out for a glass of water, he must not say that he does it because he wants to, or even because he is thirsty. He must start with the action of the light reflected from the water on the man's eyes, and must trace the consequences of this through a number of nervous and physical changes which result in the man reaching

out for the water. What happens at every stage must be in accord with well recognised laws.

But this may seem to you to be showing that science leads to the very unsatisfactory conclusion that people, you and I included, go about our lives in accordance with natural laws, and are therefore nothing but a kind of complicated machine.

But if you think it over you will see that science must come to this conclusion because of the very way it looks at things.

It does not look at things as a whole as you experience them. It concentrates on the resemblance between things that actually are different, and builds up laws on these resemblances. From the very beginning it leaves out everything that doesn't fit in with a law. This being so, it isn't surprising that science leads to the conclusion that everything happens according to laws. In the same way, it wouldn't be surprising that a man who went about his life not noticing anything that wasn't blue should come to the conclusion that every thing *was* blue.

Actually no two things can ever resemble one another completely. even two pins or two drops of water differ slightly, and in so far as they differ science can have nothing to say about them. With non living things like drops of water it doesn't matter very much if you concentrate only on the resemblances, and leave out everything else, as the differences aren't usually important. But with other things,

particularly living things, it is just the differences that are interesting and exciting. If people were as alike as drops of water, they would behave in ways that were as alike under the same conditions. This would make them terribly dull to live with, but it would also make it possible to discover laws about them which would enable you to say what any person was going to do under any given conditions. And so you could build up a science of people as easily as you now can a science of chemistry. But actually people are so different that it is only possible to foretell to a very small extent what they are ever going to do.

Some scientists say that it is only a question of knowing enough about things or about people to be able to foretell exactly how they will behave under any given condition. But this is a mistake. Scientists can only foretell how a thing is going to behave when it resembles other things closely and can be expected to behave in the same way. Prediction says that what is going to happen will be like something that has happened before. But in some respects every new happening is different from everything that has ever happened before, and in these respects it is impossible to make any prediction about it. In other words you can never know enough *beforehand* to be able to say exactly what will happen. You may find after something new has happened that it resembles other happenings, and so can be described by a law, but you can only discover the law *after* the thing has happened, and so could never have used it as a means of predicting.

WHAT SCIENCE LEAVES OUT

One of the dangers that scientific people run is that they become so interested in the resemblances between things, and the words that stand for them, that they lose sight of the things themselves. Of course, we all recognise resemblances between things, and use words for them, whether we are scientists or not. We may call a large number of different people clever, or ugly, or good cricketers, because of some kind of resemblance between them. But we never look upon cleverness as anything that exists apart from clever people. What is more, in calling anybody clever we usually bear in mind that this is never more than an incomplete description of what we feel about them. The better we know a person the more incompletely will any word or words seem to describe them.

But scientists often forget that the same is true of their special words. They talk as though weight, density, pressure, temperature were things that existed of themselves. This is because they are seeking scientific knowledge for its own sake, their interest in building up a pattern of scientific ideas makes them forget the things which they are really talking about. As a result, their picture of the world contains nothing but "things" which seem very shadowy and unreal to anyone else.

To discover resemblances on which to build laws the scientist has usually to take the things he is studying to pieces, the result of this is that something is inevitably left out. If you parse a poem and break

it up into its separate parts of speech, you may find out a good deal about its construction, and how this resembles the construction of other poems. But so long as you fix your attention only on the grammar you must miss all that is really important about the poem. The same is true of all analysis. If you were to be handed over to the chemist for him to work on, he would analyse your body into its chemical constituents and could find out exactly what substances it was made of. He might even present your executors with a row of little bottles, all neatly labelled, containing the separate substances of which you were made. But still there would remain a good deal about you of which he could say nothing for all his analysis. A physiologist would analyse you in a different way. He would dissect your body, and show how each part of your body resembled the parts of other people's bodies, and the bodies of other mammals, but still he could say nothing about all that made you yourself. The same applies to the psychologist. He would study what he said and what you did, and would show how this corresponded with what other people said and did. But he too would have to leave out all that made you different from other people.

What it comes to is that no scientist can ever say anything about you as an individual person differing from everyone else. All he can say is that in some respects you resemble one group of other persons and in other respects another group, but these are the respects in which you are not different from other persons. The people who are

so does it build itself up. But art does not progress in this way. As an expression of the fulness of men's feelings in any age, it has its periods of richness and of poverty, which come and go with the fulness of the feeling of the age.

What the artists of any age have to express is the feeling of their age, and this is always different from the feeling of any other age. And so art is always appearing in new forms. But though its forms change, it is always about the same thing—the feeling of man in his ever changing world.

SIR JAGDISH CHANDAR BOSE

"FROM THE VOICED TO THE UNVOICED"

*Address at the inauguration of the Hindu University,
Benares*

In tracing the characteristic phenomenon of life from simple beginnings in that vast region which may be called unvoiced, as exemplified in the world of plants to its highest expression in the animal kingdom one is repeatedly struck by one dominant fact, that in order to maintain an organism to the height of its efficiency, something more than a mechanical perfection of its structure is necessary. Every organism, in order to maintain its life and growth, must be in free communion with all the forces of the universe about it. Further it must not only constantly receive stimulus from without, but must also give out something from within. And the healthy life of the organism will depend on these twofold activities of inflow and outflow. When there is any interference with these activities, then morbid symptoms appear, which ultimately must end in disaster and death. This is equally true of the intellectual life of a nation. When, through narrow conceit, a nation regards itself self sufficient and cuts itself from the stimulus of the outside world, then intellectual decay must inevitably follow. So far as regards the receptive function. Then there is another function in the intellectual life of a nation—that of spontaneous outflow—

that giving out of its life by which the world is enriched. When the nation has lost this power, when it merely receives but cannot give out, then its healthy life is over and it sinks to a degenerate existence which is purely parasitic.

How can our nation give out of the fulness of the life that is in it and how can a new Indian University help in the realisation of this object? It is clear that its power of directing and inspiring will depend on its world status. This can be secured to it by no artificial means, nor can any charter assure it. This world status can only be won by the intrinsic value of the great contributions to be made by its own Indian scholars for the advancement of world's knowledge. To be organic and vital our new University must stand primarily for self-expression and for winning for India a place she has lost.

Knowledge is never the exclusive possession of any particular race nor does it recognise geographical limitations. The whole world is interdependent and a constant stream of thought had been carried out throughout the ages enriching the common heritage of mankind. Although science was neither of the East nor of the West but international in its universality, certain aspects of it gained richness by reason of their place of origin. Has India then any great contributions to offer to the advance of human knowledge? And we have also to realise in this connection. What has been her strength in the past and what is the weakness that has been paralysing her activities?

For the accomplishment of any great scientific work there must be two different elements and these must be evenly balanced, any excess of the one at the expense of the other would be highly detrimental to the discovery of truth and advancement of knowledge. These elements are first a great imaginative faculty, and second, a due regulation of that faculty in pursuance of rigid demonstration. An aimless experimentation can lead to no results, while an unrestrained imagination will lead to the wildest speculation which is subversive of intellectual sanity. A true inquirer has, therefore, to guard against being self-deceived, he has, at every step, to compare his own thought with the external fact, he has remorselessly to abandon all in which these are not agreed. Thus what he slowly gathers is certain, forming a sure foundation of what is to come. Even in this path of self-restraint and verification, he is making for a region of surpassing wonder. When the visible light ends he still follows the invisible. Where the note of the audible reaches the unheard, even then he gathers the tremulous message.

How have these wonderful feats been rendered possible? First, by the recognition of man's own limitations and then, undaunted by these, in setting about the creation of artificial organs, which would require great genius for invention and extraordinary skill in construction. Indian inquirers had even at an early stage clearly understood our physical limitations. They recognised that there are *infra* sensible phenomena, which exist but cannot be detected on account of the imperfection of our senses. For want

of finer instruments—which are in reality artificial means for extending the range of our perception—the progress of knowledge was arrested. The cause of our scientific ill success has been just this want of a true recognition of the experimental side. This may have been due to decline of national life however brought about or to the general distraction consequent on the unsettled condition of the country. No great experimental work can be carried out unless the mind of the inquirer remains undisturbed unless he be connected with an institution having great and inspiring traditions where constructive skill of great mechanicians has been handed down from generation to generation. Whatever the reason might be the mind gradually drifted from the wholesome curb of slow experimental verification to the fascination of unrestrained speculation. What could be more enchanting than that delightful story in the Arabian Nights when the prince presses a pin in the neck of a mechanical horse and the machine flies through space! To confuse romance with reality is but one step. It is by the contact of the hand with real things that the brain receives a constant stream of stimulating message and the answering impulse of the brain gives the hand its cunning. Without action the mind must lose its vigour and will succumb at last. It will begin to think that great achievements in science may perhaps be won by some lucky chance or by certain feats of jugglery. I cannot think anything so degrading to progress as this attitude of mental degeneracy.

It is no easy life that lies before a scientific investigator. He has to steel his body and nerve to the

utmost There is to be for him no life of ease It is to be one of unending struggle Even after all this there is no assurance whatever of success to reward him for his ceaseless toil He has to cast his life as an offering regarding gain or loss, success or failure, as one This will perhaps be better realised when I recount the real history of the conquest of air I had the unusual opportunity of coming in close contact with the work of the man to whom this achievement is ultimately due Many lives had previously been sacrificed in various ineffective attempts till the investigation on the supporting power of moving surfaces was scientifically taken up by Langley in America After many years of patient experimentation new data were obtained which were contrary to all previously accepted theories of aerodynamics Then the question of light motors, presented insuperable difficulties After these had been overcome, Langley took up the question of flying machines and a small model of the automatic flying machine ascended the air on the 6th of May, 1896, for the first time and after describing a series of special curves in the air safely descended on the Potomac river, having accomplished the length of flight of over 3,000 feet. I had this recounted to me by his friend, Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone who watched this flight Great interest was aroused, and the American nation keenly watched for the occasion when a larger machine was to make its flight before the public In this public demonstration a small screw was left loose by the carelessness of a workman, with the result that the machine instead of rising was precipitated into the

river A chorus of derision arose which was magnified by the Press and Langley died of a broken heart

This has often been the fate of great inventors and discoverers But the lure that draws heroic souls is not the success which can easily be achieved but defeat and tribulation in the pursuit of the unattainable I have seen at the Smithsonian Institution this machine failed at the first experiment But after Langley's death the experiment was repeated, and the aeroplane rose into the air like a bird that has been set free after a long period of imprisonment

I spoke in some detail of the source of the weakness that had so long arrested our scientific advance This was our neglect of the experimental factor I shall show later how this defect can be remedied if we once realise and face it I shall now take up the other factor the mental in which fortunately we do possess certain advantages It is to be remembered that every experiment has to be carried out first in the inner region of the mind To keep the mental vision clear great struggles have to be undergone for the clearness of the inner vision is lost too easily The greatest wealth of external appliance is of no avail where there is not a concentrated pursuit of a great object Those whose minds rush hither and thither, those who hunger for public applause or personal gain instead of truth by them the quest is never won In pursuit of knowledge an Indian inquirer has the burning imagination which could extort truth out of a mass of disconnected facts a habit of meditation without allowing the mind to dissipate itself If he caught with his scientific imagination a glimpse of a wonder

working ray as yet unknown to man, and believed that experiment would reveal its properties and potentialities, he would go on working ceaselessly through a long life and dying, hand on his task to his disciples.

And what about the fruit of knowledge that has been acquired and its applications. It is well known that a moving machinery in increasing its unrestrained pace is rushing towards destruction, unless it has a self checking governor to restrain it before the danger limit is reached. In the West there has been no check or limit to the competition for personal gain and lust for power in exploiting the application of knowledge not so much for saving as for causing destruction. And on account of the absence of this restraining force, Western civilisation is trembling today in an unstable poise on the brink of ruin.

Let us now look at the innate restraining power that governs Indian life and culture. We may call it the force of detachment or for want of a better phrase, the impulse of spirituality. Let us see how this common heritage reacts on the Indian mind. As an extreme case let us see how one of the greatest of warrior kings became suddenly transformed under its dominating influence even at the moment of his greatest victory. In the ninth year of his reign his arms were successful and the extensive territories of Kalinga were incorporated with his Empire. This is what the Emperor Asoka writes on imperishable stone as the record of his triumph.

'His Majesty feels remorse on account of the conquest of the Kalingas, because during the subjugation of a country, slaughter, death and taking

away captive of people necessarily occur. And for this His Majesty feels profound sorrow. Although, a man should do him injury, he holds that it must be patiently borne. His Majesty desires for all security, peace of mind and joyousness."

And the chiefest conquest is through righteousness. So much about the man of the sword. As regards the other man who truly dedicates his life to the quest of knowledge in our country, any longing for personal gain or misuse of his knowledge would be worse than sacrilege. Poised as he is between the infinity of the past and the infinity of the future between universes of world and universes of atoms—can anything be worth his while for so sorry a prize? Can his mind be satisfied with anything less sublime than to be merged in the rhythmic sweep of the world-spirit itself?

The excessive specialization in the West has led to the danger of our losing sight of the fundamental truth that there are not sciences but a single science that includes all. India is, perhaps through her habit of mind, better fitted to realise a wider synthesis. One of the greatest contributions in the realm of science would undoubtedly be the establishment of a great generalisation, not merely speculative but based on actual demonstration of an underlying unity amidst bewildering diversity.

Shall this great glory be for India to win? In my investigations on the action of forces on matter, I was amazed to find boundary lines vanishing and to discover points of contact emerging between the Living and non Living. My first work in the region

of invisible lights made me fully realise how in the midst of a luminous ocean we stood almost blind. But out of the very imperfection of his senses, man has dared in science to build for himself a raft of thought by which to make daring adventures into the great seas of the unknown.

Just as in following light from visible to the invisible our range of investigation transcends our physical sight, so also the problem of the great mystery of Life and Death is brought a little nearer solution, when, in the realm of the living, we pass from the Voiced to the Unvoiced. Is there any possible relation between our own life and that of the plant world? The question is not one of dreamy speculation but of actual demonstration by some method that is unimpeachable. This means that we should abandon all our pre-conceptions most of which are afterwards found to be absolutely groundless and contrary to facts. The final appeal must be made to the plant itself, and no evidence should be accepted unless it bears the plant's own signature. This means first the discovery of some compulsive force which would make the plant give some answering signal, then instrumental means have to be supplied for the automatic conversion of these signals into an intelligent script, and last of all we have ourselves to learn the nature of the hieroglyphic.

It was to be the discovery of the Inner History of the plant hidden under a placid exterior, the detection of the subtle impress left on by storm and sunshine, by the warmth of summer and frost of winter, by a passing breeze or a drifting cloud. It can easily

be imagined how extraordinary delicate the instruments must be which would detect all these and reveal the secrets of the unvoiced and hidden life. It has to measure the twitching throb under a shock, the time it takes the plant to perceive it, and measure the rate of impulse with which the message is being sent along the conducting path of the plant. It has to measure its living pulsation and the stupor that comes under the action of narcotics and signal the exact moment of death under the action of poisons.

I said that the slur against Indian competence in science has chiefly lain in regard to lack of the experimental skill and the power of invention and construction of apparatus of extreme delicacy. To this the sufficient answer is, that the instruments just described have all been devised in India and constructed by Indian mechanicians. Their great perfection and extreme delicacy may be gauged from the fact that, though these instruments have been widely exhibited in all the scientific centres of the West and though America boasts the possession of the greatest mechanicians of the world, yet even in America they found it impossible to repeat these instruments. And requests have, in consequence, been made by the different Universities in Europe and America for the supply of duplicates of instruments from my Laboratory, these being regarded of essential importance for furthering the new investigation relating to life.

It will thus be seen that, when we put our whole strength into the accomplishment of any object, all difficulties vanish and the impossible becomes possible. But this cannot be the outcome of easy complacency.

For twelve years a single man had to bear the brunt of the fight against the whole scientific world and after years of drudgery and many failure success came to me at last

You may ask whether dreamy speculations have been of any help to me. Twenty years ago I had to write a magazine article on the life of plants. It was written in one hour under the free play of an unrestrained imagination. It told of wonderful things, and it is not at all surprising that some of them did come out true, but the rest of the speculation was quite wrong. It is not the likelihood of something coming out right that is of the least importance in science. What really counts is the absolute certainty of demonstrated fact which is true for all time, and on this sure foundation alone can great superstructures be raised. How necessary it is to observe extreme caution in being misled by speculation will be obvious when we realise that we may be led astray by appearance which we accept as well ascertained facts. All of us, for instance, have regarded 'Mimosa' as delicately sensitive, shrinking from touch, while most of the ordinary plants were supposed to be devoid of all sensibility. My investigation show that the so called sensitive plants are really paralysed, this motor paralysis being confined to one side, while many of the so called insensitive plants are far more sensitive than the much vaunted Mimosa. Again who has not been struck by the closing of the leaflets of certain plants at the onset of darkness, this being unhesitatingly regarded as the 'sleep of plants'. In reality, closure of leaflets has nothing whatever to do with true sleep, my investiga-

tions show that plants generally sleeping do not go to sleep in the evening but keep wide awake nearly all night long and fall asleep only about six in the morning! This will show how necessary it is for the discovery of truth to maintain a spirit of absolute detachment and perfect freedom of mind from all pre-conceived bias. The hardest struggle is to protect oneself from being self-deceived and one has to guard against it and keep vigilant all the time.

It was after repeating every one of the innumerable tests by which animal life is usually differentiated that I was able to prove that the phenomenon of life with all its multiplex variations are identical in plant and in animal. In other words all life is One. This identity has been proved to be so real that after discovering some new reactions in plants I have been able to predict its occurrence hitherto unsuspected in the animal and my predictions have come out invariably true. The unexpected revelation in the life of plants have opened out vast fields of inquiry in physiology in medicine and even in psychology. Many problems long regarded as insoluble have been brought within the region of experimental investigation. In physiology the new inquiry is concerned in the determination of the characteristics of life and death and in unravelling the mystery of automatism. In medicine it deals with the fundamental reaction of drugs on protoplasm itself by which its practice is raised from empiricism to science. It tries to solve the anomaly of an identical drug inducing two opposite effects on different individuals. In psychology a new chapter has been opened out by the

discovery of nervous impulse in plants Certain new phenomenon discovered in plant nerve shows that the intensity of the nervous impulse which colours our sensation as pleasure or pain, is not solely determined by the intensity of the external blow, but that character of the sensation is capable of modification according to the predisposition which can be imparted to the vehicle that carries the sense bearing message

persistent efforts for the discovery of physical causes yet unknown, since to them nothing was extra physical but merely mysterious, because of the hitherto unascertained cause. Were they afraid that the march of knowledge was a danger to true faith? Not so, for to them knowledge and religion are one. Do they now lack devotion to a life consecrated to knowledge? Not so, for they have still the *sanyasin* spirit which utterly controls the body and can meditate or inquire endlessly while life remains, never for a moment losing sight of the object, never for a moment letting it be obscured by any terrestrial temptation.

These are the hopes that animate us. For there is something in the Hindu culture which is possessed of extraordinary talents and strength, by which is resisted the ravages of time and destructive changes which have swept over the earth. And indeed a capacity to endure through infinite transformation must be innate, in that mighty civilisation which has seen the intellectual culture of the Nile, the Valley of Assyria, and of Babylon, wax and wane and disappear, and which to-day gazes on the future with the same invincible faith with which it met the past.

in the East is fierce, short, hazardous, and in extremes. Its elements are few and simple, not exhibiting the long range and undulation of European existence, but rapidly reaching the best and the worst. The rich feed on fruits and game,—the poor on a water melon's peel. All or nothing is the genius of Oriental life. Favour of the sultan, or his displeasure, is a question of Fate. A war is undertaken for an epigram or a distich, as in Europe for a duchy. The prolific sun, and the sudden and rank plenty which his heat engenders, make subsistence easy. On the other side, the desert, the simoom, the mirage, the lion, and the plague endanger it, and life hangs on the contingency of a skin of water more or less. The very geography of old Persia showed these contrasts. "My father's empire", said Cyrus to Xenophon, "is so large, that people perish with cold at one extremity, whilst they are suffocated with heat at the other." The temperament of the people agrees with this life in extremes. Religion and poetry are all their civilization. The religion teaches an inexorable Destiny. It distinguishes only two days in each man's history—his birthday, called *the Day of the Lot*, and the Day of Judgment. Courage and absolute submission to what is appointed him are his virtues.

The favour of the climate, making subsistence easy, and encouraging an outdoor life, allows to the Eastern nations a highly intellectual organization,—leaving out of view, at present, the genius of the Hindoos (more Oriental in every sense), whom no people have surpassed in the grandeur of their ethical statement. The Persians and Arabs with great

leisure and few books, are exquisitely sensible to the pleasures of poetry. Layard has given some details of the effect with the *improvisatori* produced on the children of the desert. "When the bard improvised an amatory ditty, the young chief's excitement was almost beyond control. The other Bedouins were scarcely less moved by these rude measures, which have the same kind of effect on the wild tribes of the Persian mountains. Such verses, chanted by their self-taught poets or by the girls of their encampment, will drive warriors to the combat, fearless of death, or prove an ample reward, on their return from the dangers of the *gbazon*, or the fight. The excitement they produce exceeds that of the grape. He who would understand the influence of the Homeric ballads in the heroic ages should witness the effect which similar compositions have upon the wild nomads of the East.' Elsewhere he adds, 'Poetry and flowers are the wine and spirit of the Arab, a couplet is equal to a bottle, and a rose to a dram, without the evil effect of either.'

The Persian poetry rests on a mythology whose few legends are connected with the Jewish history, and the anterior traditions of the Pentateuch. The principal figure in the allusions of Eastern poetry is Solomon. Solomon had three talismans: first, the signet ring by which he commanded the spirits, on the stone of which was engraven the name of God; second, the glass, in which he saw the secrets of his enemies, and the causes of all things, figured; the third, the east-wind, which was his horse. His counsellor was Sumorg, king of birds the all-wise fowl, who

had lived ever since the beginning of the world and now lives alone on the highest summit of Mount Kaf. No fowler has taken him, and none now living has seen him. By him Solomon was taught the language of birds, so that he heard secrets whenever he went into his gardens. When Solomon travelled, his throne was placed on a carpet of green silk of a length and breadth sufficient for all his army to stand upon—men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left. When all were in order, the east wind, at his command took up the carpet and transported it, with all that were upon it, whither he pleased,—the army of birds at the same time flying overhead, and forming a canopy to shade them from the sun. It is related, that when the Queen of Sheba came to visit Solomon, he had built, against her arrival, a palace of which the floor or pavement was of glass, laid over running water, in which fish were swimming. The Queen of Sheba was deceived thereby, and raised her robes, thinking she was to pass through the water. On the occasion of Solomon's marriage, all the beasts, laden with presents, appeared before his throne. Behind them all came the ant with a blade of grass. Solomon did not despise the gift of the ant. Asaph, the vizir, at a certain time lost the seal of Solomon, which one of the Dews, or evil spirits, found and, governing in the name of Solomon, deceived the people.

Firdusi, the Persian Homer, has written in the *Shah Namah* the annals of the fabulous and heroic kings of the country of Karun (the Persian Croesus) the immeasurably rich gold maker, who with all his

treasures, lies buried not far from the Pyramids, in the sea which bears his name of Jamschid, the binder of demons whose reign lasted seven hundred years of Kii Kaus in whose palace, built by demons on Alberz, gold and silver and precious stones were used so lavishly that in the brilliancy produced by their combined effect, night and day appeared the same, of Afrasiyab, strong as an elephant, whose shadow extended for miles, whose heart was bounteous as the ocean, and his hands like the clouds when rain falls to gladden the earth. The crocodile in the rolling stream had no safety from Afrasiyab. Yet when he came to fight against the generals of Kaus he was but an insect in the grasp of Rustem, who seized him by the girdle and dragged him from his horse. Rustem felt such anger at the arrogance of the King of Mazinderan, that every hair on his body started up like a spear. The gripe of his hand cracked the sinews of an enemy.

especially in an image addressed to the eye, and continued in a single stanza, were always current in the East, and if the poem is long, it is only a string of unconnected verses. They use an inconsecutiveness quite alarming to Western logic, and the connection between the stanzas of their longer odes is much like that between the refrain of our old English ballads,

"The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall"

or

"The rain it runeth every day,"

and the main story

Take, as specimens of these gnomic verses, the following —

"The secret that should not be blown
Not one of thy nation must know,
You may padlock the gate of a town
But never the mouth of a foe"

Or this of Omar Khayyam —

' On earth's wide thoroughfares below
Two only men contented go,
Who knows what's right and what's forbid,
And he from whom is knowledge hid "

Here is a poem on a melon, by Adsched of Meru —

Colour taste and smell, smaragdus, sugar
and musk —
Amber for the tongue, for the eye a picture
rare,—

If you cut the fruit in slices, every slice a
crescent fair,—

If you leave it whole, the full harvest moon
is there '—

Hafiz is the prince of Persian poets, and in his extraordinary gifts adds to some of the attributes of Pindar, Anacreon, Horace, and Burns the insight of a mystic, that sometimes affords a deeper glance at Nature than belongs to either of these bards. He accosts all topics with an easy audacity "He only," he says 'is fit for company, who knows how to prize earthly happiness at the value of a nightcap. Our father Adam sold Paradise for two kernels of wheat, then blame me not, if I hold it dear at one grape-stone.' He says to the Shah, Thou who rulest after words and thoughts which no ear has heard and no mind has thought, abide firm until thy young destiny tears off his blue coat from the old graybeard of the sky." He says

'I batter the wheel of heaven
When it rolls not rightly by,
I am not one of the snivellers
Who fall there on and die."

The rapidity of his turns is always surprising
us —

'See how the roses burn!
Bring wine to quench the fire!
Alas! the flames come up with us,—
We perish with desire '—

After the manner of his nation, he abounds in

pregnant sentences which might be engraved on a sword-blade and almost on a ring

"In honour dies he to whom the great seems
ever wonderful "

"Here is the sun, that when one door opens,
another shuts "

"On every side is an ambush, hid by the robber-
troops of circumstances, hence it is that the horse-
man of life urges on his courser at headlong speed "

"The earth is a host who murders his guests "

'Good is what goes on the road of Nature On
the straight way the traveller never misses "

"Alas! till now I had not known
My guide and Fortune's guide are one "

"The understanding's copper coin
Counts not with the gold of love "

" 'Tis writ on Paradise's gate,
'Woe to the dupe that yields to Fate!'" "

"The world is a bride superbly dressed,—
Who weds her for dowry must pay his
soul."

"Loose the knots of the heart, never think
on thy fate,
No Euclid has yet disentangled that
snarl "

"There resides in the grieving
A poison to kill,

Beware to go near them
'Tis pestilent still "

Harems and wine-shops only give him a new ground of observation, whence to draw sometimes a deeper moral than regulated sober life affords,—and this is foreseen —

‘ I will be drunk and down with wine,
Treasures we find in a ruined house ”

Riot, he thinks, can snatch from the deeply hidden lot the veil that covers it —

“To be wise the dull brain so earnestly throbs,
Bring bands of wine for the stupid head.”

‘ The Builder of heaven
Hath sundered the earth,
So that no footway
Leads out of it forth

‘ On turnpikes of wonder
Wine leads the mind forth,
Straight, sidewise, and upward,
West, southward, and north

‘ Stands the vault adamantine
Until the Doomsday,
The wine cup shall ferry
There o’er it away ”

That hardihood and self-equality of every sound nature, which result from the feeling that the spirit in him is entire and as good as the world, which entitle the poet to speak with authority, and make him an object of interest, and his every phrase and syllable significant, are in Hafiz, and abundantly fortify and ennoble his tone

His was the fluent mind in which every thought and feeling came readily to the lips. "Loose the knots of the heart," he says. We absorb elements enough, but have not leaves and lungs for healthy perspiration and growth. An air of sterility, of incompetence to their proper aims, belongs to many who have both experience and wisdom. But a large utterance, a river that makes its own shores, quick perception and corresponding expression a constitution to which every morrow is a new day, which is equal to the needs of life, at once tender and bold, with great arteries,—this generosity of ebb and flow satisfies and we should be willing to die when our time comes, having had our swing and gratification. The difference is not so much in the quality of men's thoughts as in the power of uttering them. What is pent and smouldered in the actor is not pent in the poet, but passes over into new form, at once relief and creation.

The other merit of Hafiz is his intellectual liberty, which is a certificate of profound thought. We accept the religions and politics into which we fall, and it is only a few delicate spirits who are sufficient to see that the whole web of convention is the imbecility of those whom it entangles,—that the mind suffers no religion and no empire but its own. It indicates this respect to absolute truth by the use it makes of the symbols that are most stable and revered, and therefore is always provoking the accusation of irreligion.

Hypocrisy is the perpetual butt of his arrows.

"Let us draw the cord through the brook of
vine."

He tells his mistress, that not the dervish, or the monk, but the lover has in his heart the spirit which makes the ascetic and the saint and certainly no their covls and mummeries but her glance can impart to him the fire and virtue needful for such self-denial. Wrong shall not be wrong to Him, for the name's sake. A law or statute is to him what a fence is to a nimble school boy—a temptation for a jump.

"We would do nothing but good, else would shame come to us on the day when the soul must hence, and should they then deny us Paradise, the Hours themselves would forsake that, and come out to us."

But the love or the wine of Hafiz is not to be confounded with vulgar debauch. It is the spirit in which the song is written that imports, and not the topics. Hafiz praises wine, roses, maidens, boys, birds, mornings, and music, to give vent to his immense hilarity and sympathy with every form of beauty and joy and lays the emphasis on these to mark his scorn of sanctimony and base prudence. These are the natural topics and language of his wit and perception. But it is the play of wit and the joy of song that he loves and if you mistake him for a low rioter, he turns short on you with verses which express the poverty of sensual joys and to ejaculate with equal fire the most unpalatable affirmations of heroic sentiment and contempt for the world. Sometimes it is a glance from the height of thought as thus —

'Bring wine, for, in the audience hall of the soul's independence, what is sentinel or Sultan?
What is the wise man or the intoxicated?

And sometimes his feast, feasters, and world are only one pebble more in the eternal vortex and revolution of Fate —

'I am what I am
My dust will be again "

A saint might lend an ear to the riotous fun of Falstaff, for it is not created to excite the animal appetites, but to vent the joy of a supernal intelligence. In all poetry, it speaks to the intelligent, and Hafiz is a poet for poets, whether he write, as some

times, with a parrot's, or, as at other times, with an eagle's quill

Every song of Hafiz affords new proof of the unimportance of your subject to success, provided only the treatment be cordial. In general, what is more tedious than dedications or panegyric addressed to grandees? Yet in the "Divan" you would not skip them, since his muse seldom supports him better

"What lovelier forms things wear
Now that the Shah comes back!"

And again —

"Thy foes to hunt, thy enviers to strike
down,
Poises Arcturus aloft morning and evening
his spear"

It is told of Hafiz, that, when he had written a compliment to a handsome youth,—

"Take my heart in thy hand, O beautiful
boy of Shiraz!

I would give for the mole on thy cheek
Semarkand and Bokhara!"

the verses came to the ear of Timour in his palace Timour taxed Hafiz with treating disrespectfully his two cities, to raise and adorn which he had conquered nations. Hafiz replied "Alas, my lord, if I had not been so prodigal, I had not been so poor!"

The Persians had a mode of establishing copyright the most secure of any contrivance with which we are acquainted. The law of the *ghazal*, or shorter

ode, requires that the poet insert his name in the last stanza. Almost every one of several hundreds of poems of Hafiz contains his name thus interwoven more or less closely with the subject of the piece. It is itself a test of skill, as this self naming is not quite easy. We remember but two or three examples in English poetry that of Chaucer, in the 'House of Fame', Jonson's epitaph on his son,—

"Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry"
and Cowley's,—

"The melancholy Cowley lay "
But it is easy to Hafiz. It gives him the opportunity of the most playful self assertion, always gracefully, sometimes almost in the fun of Falstaff, sometimes with feminine delicacy. He tell us, "The angels in heaven were lately learning his last pieces." He says, "The fishes shed other pearls, out of desire and longing, as soon as the ship of Hafiz swims the deep."

"Out of the East, out of the West, no man
understands me

O, the happier I, who confide to none but the
wind!

This morning heard I how the lyre of the stars
resounded,

Sweeter tones have we heard from Hafiz!"

Again—

"I heard the harp of the planet Venus, and it
said in the early morning, 'I am the disciple of the
sweet-voiced Hafiz!'"

And again,—

Anatis the leader of the starry host, calls even the Messiah in heaven out to the dance”

No one has unveiled thoughts like Hafiz, since the locks of the World bride were first curled’

Only he despises the verse of Hafiz who is not himself by nature noble.”

But we must try to give some of these poetic flourishes the metrical form which they seem to require —

‘Fit for the Pleiads’ azure chord
The songs I sung the pearls I bored”

Another—

I have no hoarded treasure,
Yet have I rich content,
The first from Allah to the Shah,
The last to Hafiz went.’

Another —

High heart, O Hafiz! though not thine
Fine gold and silver ore,
More worth to thee the gift of song
And the clear insight more”

Again —

"Boast not rashly, prince of pilgrims, of thy fortune Thou hast indeed seen the temple, but I, the Lord of the temple Nor has any man inhaled from the musk-bladder of the merchant, or from the musky morning wind, that sweet air which I am permitted to breathe every hour of the day "

And with still more vigour in the following lines —

'Oft have I said, I say it once more,
I, a wanderer, do not stray from myself
I am a kind of parrot, the mirror is holden
to me,
What the Eternal says, I stammering say
again
Give me what you will, I eat thistles as
roses,
And according to my food I grow and I
give
Scorn me not, but know I have the pearl,
And am only seeking one to receive it."

And his claim has been admitted from the first. The muleteers and camel drivers, on their way through the deserts, sing snatches of his songs, not so much for the thought, as for their joyful temper and tone, and the cultivated Persians know his poems by heart. Yet Hafiz does not appear to have set any great value on his songs, since his scholars collected them for the first time after his death.

WILLIAM HALE WHITE

("Mark Rutherford")

JUDAS ISCARIOT—WHAT CAN BE SAID FOR
HIM ?

Judas Iscariot has become to Christian people an object of horror more loathsome than even the devil himself. The devil rebelled because he could not brook subjection to the Son of God, a failing which was noble compared with treachery to the Son of man. The hatred of Judas is not altogether virtuous

visit to Bethany that he was dishonest, nor could it have been known at any time to Matthew and Mark, for they would not have lost the opportunity of adding such a touch to the portrait. The probability, therefore, is that the robbery of the bag is unhistorical. When the chief priests and scribes sought how they might apprehend Jesus they made a bargain with Judas to deliver Him to them for thirty pieces of silver. He was present at the Last Supper but went and betrayed his Lord. A few hours afterwards, when he found out that condemnation to death followed, he repented himself and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to his employers, declared that he had sinned in betraying innocent blood, cast down the money at their feet, and went and hanged himself.

This is all that is discoverable about Judas, and it has been considered sufficient for a damnation deeper than any allotted to the worst of the sons of Adam. Dante places him in the lowest round of the ninth or last of the hellish circles, where he is eternally "champed" by Satan, "bruised is with ponderous engine," his head within the diabolic jaws and 'plying the feet without." In the absence of a biography with details, it is impossible to make out with accuracy what the real Judas was. We can, however, by dispassionate examination of the facts determine their sole import, and if we indulge in inferences we can deduce those which are fairly probable. As Judas was treasurer, he must have been trusted. He could hardly have been naturally covetous, for he had given up in common with the other disciples much, if not

all, to follow Jesus. The thirty pieces of silver—some four or five pounds of our money—could not have been considered by him as a sufficient bribe for the ignominy of a treason which was to end in legal murder. He ought perhaps to have been able to measure the ferocity of an established ecclesiastical order and to have known what would have been the consequence of handing over to it perfect, and therefore heretical, sincerity and purity, but there is no evidence that he did know. Nay, we are distinctly informed, as we have just seen, that when he became aware what was going to happen his sorrow for his wicked deed took a very practical shape.

We cannot allege with confidence that it was any permanent loss of personal attachment to Jesus which brought about his defection. It came when the belief in a theocracy near at hand filled the minds of disciples. These ignorant Galilean fishermen expected that in a very short time they would sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. The custodian of the bag, gifted with more common sense than his colleagues, probably foresaw the danger of a collision with Rome, and may have desired by a timely arrest to prevent an open revolt, which would have meant immediate destruction of the whole band with women and children. Can any position be imagined more irritating than that of a careful man of business who is keeper of the purse for a company of heedless enthusiasts professing complete indifference to the value of money, misunderstanding the genius of their chief, and looking out every morning for some sign in the clouds, a prophecy of their immediate

appointment as vicegerents of a power that would supersede the awful majesty of the Imperial city? He may have been heated by a long series of petty annoyances to such a degree that at last they may have ended in rage and a sudden flinging loose of himself from the society. At any rate, Judas was not guilty of cool, mercenary treason, for he was impulsive exceedingly. Matthew, and Matthew only, says that Judas asked for money from the chief priests. "What will ye give me, and I will deliver Him unto you?" According to Mark, whose account of the transaction is the same as Luke's, "Judas went unto the chief priests to betray Him unto them. And when they heard it, they were glad, and promised to give him money." If the priests were the tempters, a slight difference is established in favour of Judas, but this we will neglect. The sin of taking money and joining in that last meal in any case is black enough, although, as we have before pointed out, Judas did not at the time know what the other side of the bargain was. Admitting, however, every thing that can fairly be urged against him, all that can be affirmed with certainty is that we are in the presence of strange and unaccountable inconsistency, and that an apostle who had abandoned his home, who had followed Jesus for three years amidst contempt and persecution, and who at last slew himself in self-reproach, could be capable of committing the meanest of sins. Is the co-existence of irreconcilable opposites in human nature anything new? The story of Judas may be of some value if it reminds us that man is incalculable, and that, although in theory, and

the repentant in the dust, the hands gently lifting him, the forgiveness because he knew not what he did, and the seal of a kiss indeed from the sacred lips

GEORGE BORROW

THE FLAMING TINMAN

"You need not be afraid," said I, addressing myself to the man, 'I mean you no harm, I am a wanderer like yourself—come here to seek for shelter—you need not be afraid Good day to you, brother, I bid you welcome"

The man eyed me suspiciously for a moment, then, turning to his horse with a loud curse, he pulled him up from his haunches, and led him and the cart farther down to one side of the dingle, muttering as he passed me, "Afraid H'm!"

I do not remember ever to have seen a more ruffianly looking fellow, he was about six feet high, with an immensely athletic frame, his face was black and buff, and sported an immense pair of whiskers, but with here and there a grey hair, for his age could not be much under fifty He wore a faded blue frock-coat and corduroys—on his black head was a kind of red night-cap, round his bull neck a Barcelona handkerchief—I did not like the look of the man at all

"Afraid," growled the fellow, proceeding to unharness his horse, "that was the word, I think"

But other figures were now already upon the scene Dashing past the other horse and cart, which by this time had reached the bottom of the pass,

no doubt in reality, he is a unity, the point from which the divergent forces in him rise is often infinitely beyond our exploration, a lesson not merely in psychology but for our own guidance, a warning that side by side with heroic virtues there may sleep in us not only detestable vices, but vices by which those virtues are contradicted and even for the time annihilated. The mode of betrayal, with a kiss, has justly excited loathing, but it is totally unintelligible. Why should he have taken the trouble to be so base when the movement of a finger would have sufficed? Why was any sign necessary to indicate one who was so well known? The supposition that the devil compelled him to superfluous villainy in order that he might be secured with greater certainty and tortured with greater subtlety is one that can hardly be entertained except by theologians. It is equally difficult to understand why Jesus submitted to such an insult, and why Peter should not have smitten down its perpetrator. Peter was able to draw his sword, and it would have been safer and more natural to kill Judas than to cut off the ear of the high priest's servant John, who shows a special dislike to Judas knows nothing of the kiss. According to John, Jesus asked the soldiers whom they sought, and then stepped boldly forward and declared Himself "Judas," adds John, "was standing with them." As John took such particular notice of what happened, the absence of the kiss in his account can hardly have been accidental. It is a sound maxim in criticism that what is simply difficult of explanation is likely to be authentic. An awkward reading in a manuscript is to be preferred

to one which is easier. But a historical improbability, especially if no corroboration of it is to be found in a better authority, may be set aside, and in this case we are justified in neglecting the kiss. Whatever may have been the exact shade of darkness in the crime of Judas, it was avenged with singular swiftness, and he himself was the avenger. He did not slink away quietly and poison himself in a ditch. He boldly encountered the sacred college, confessed his sin, and the innocence of the man they were about to crucify. Compared with these pious miscreants who had no scruples about corrupting one of the disciples, but shuddered at the thought of putting back into the treasury the money they had taken from it, Judas becomes noble. His remorse is so unendurable that it drives him to suicide.

If a record could be kept of those who have abjured Jesus through love of gold, through fear of the world or of the scribes and Pharisees, we should find many who are considered quite respectable, or have even been canonised, and who nevertheless much more worthily than Iscariot are entitled to champing by the jaws of Sathanas. Not a single scrap from Judas himself has reached us. He underwent no trial, and is condemned without plea or excuse on his own behalf, and with no cross examination of the evidence. No witnesses have been called to his character. What would his friends at Kerioth have said for him? What would Jesus have said? If He had met Judas with the halter in his hand, would He not have stopped him? Ah! I can see the Divine touch on the shoulder, the passionate prostration of

Flaming Tinman made no reply, but planting his knees on my breast, seized my throat with two huge horny hands. I gave myself up for dead, and probably should have been so in another minute but for the tall girl, who caught hold of the handkerchief, which the fellow wore round his neck, with a grasp nearly as powerful as that with which he pressed my throat.

"Do you call that fair play?" said she.

"Hands off, Belle," said the other woman, 'do you call it fair play to interfere?' hands off, or I'll be down upon you myself."

But Belle paid no heed to the injunction, and tugged so hard at the handkerchief that the Flaming Tinman was nearly throttled, suddenly relinquishing his hold of me, he started on his feet, and aimed a blow at my fair preserver, who avoided it, but said coolly —

"Finish t'other business first, and then I'm your woman whenever you like, but finish it fairly—no foul play when I'm by—I'll be the boy's second, and Moll can pick you up when he happens to knock you down."

The battle during the next ten minutes raged with considerable fury, but it so happened that during this time I was never able to knock the Flaming Tinman down, but on the contrary received six knock down blows myself. "I can never stand this," I said, as I sat on the knee of Belle, "I am afraid I must give in, the Flaming Tinman hits very hard," and I spat out a mouthful of blood.

'Sure enough you'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in the way you fight—it's of no use flipping at the Flaming Tinman with your left hand, why don't you use your right?'

"Because I'm not handy with it," said I, and then getting up, I once more confronted the Flaming Tinman, and struck him six blows for his one, but they were all left handed blows, and the blow which the Flaming Tinman gave me knocked me off my legs

"Now, will you use Long Melford?" said Belle, picking me up

'I don't know what you mean by Long Melford," said I, gasping for breath

"Why, this long right of yours," said Belle, feeling my right arm—if you do I shouldn't wonder if you yet stood a chance"

And now the Flaming Tinman was once more ready, much more ready than myself I, however, rose from my second's knee as well as my weakness would permit me, on he came, striking left and right, appearing almost as fresh as to wind and spirit as when he first commenced the combat, though his eyes were considerably swelled, and his nether lip was cut in two, on he came, striking left and right, and I did not like his blows at all, or even the wind of them, which was anything but agreeable, and I gave way before him At last he aimed a blow, which, had it taken full effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but owing to his slipping, the first only grazed my left shoulder, and came with terrific force against a tree, close to which I had been driven, before the

done—there's room enough here for all of us—we shall soon be good friends, I dare say, and when we are a little better acquainted, I'll tell you my history'

Well, if that doesn't beat all," said the fellow

I don't think he's chaffing now," said the girl, whose anger seemed to have subsided on a sudden, the young man speaks civil enough."

Civil, said the fellow, with an oath, but that's just like you, with you it is a blow, and all over Civil! I suppose you would have him stay here, and get into all my secrets, and hear all I may have to say to my two morts

'Two morts,' said the girl, kindling up, 'where are they? Speak for one and no more I am no mort of yours, whatever someone else may be I tell you one thing, Black John, or Anselo, for t other ain't your name, the same thing I told the young man here, be civil, or you will rue it."

The fellow looked at the girl furiously, but his glance soon quailed before hers, he withdrew his eyes and cast them on my little horse, which was feeding among the trees What's this," said he, rushing forward and seizing the animal 'Why as I'm alive, this is the horse of that mumping villain Slingsby"

It's his no longer, I bought it and paid for it."

It's mine now, said the fellow, 'I swore I would seize it the next time I found it on my beat, ay, and beat the matter too"

'I am not Slingsby"

'All's one for that"

"You don't say you will beat me?"

"Afraid was the word "

"I'm sick and feeble "

"Hold up your fists "

"Wouldn't the horse satisfy you?"

"Horse nor bellows either "

' No mercy, then "

Here's at you "

"Mind your eyes, Jack There, you've got it I thought so," shouted the girl, as the fellow staggered back from a sharp blow in the eye "I thought he was chaffing at you all along "

"Never mind, Anselo You know what to do, go in," said the vulgar woman, who had hitherto not spoken a word, but who now came forward with all the look of a fury, ' go in apoply, you'll smash ten like he '

The Flaming Tinman took her advice, and came in bent on smashing, but stopped short on receiving a left-handed blow on the nose

"You'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in that way," said the girl, looking at me doubtfully

And so I began to think myself, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the Flaming Tinman disengaged himself of his frock-coat, and, dashing off his red night-cap, came rushing in more desperately than ever To a flush hit which he received in the mouth he paid as little attention as a wild bull would have done, in a moment his arms were around me, and in another, he had hurled me down, falling heavily upon me The fellow's strength appeared to be tremendous

"Pay him off now," said the vulgar woman The

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appeared an exceedingly tall woman, or rather girl, for she could scarcely have been above eighteen, she was dressed in a tight bodice, and a blue gown, hat, bonnet, or cap she had none, and her hair, which was flaxen, hung down on her shoulders unconfined, her complexion was fair, and her features handsome, with a determined but frank expression. She was followed by another female, about forty, stout and vulgar looking, at whom I scarcely glanced, my whole attention being absorbed by the tall girl.

'What's the matter, Jack?' said the latter, looking at the man.

"Only afraid, that's all," said the man, still proceeding with his work.

'Afraid of what--of that lad? Why, he looks like a ghost—I would engage to thrash him with one hand.'

'You might beat me with no hands at all,' said I, "fair damsel, only by looking at me. I never saw such a face and figure, both regal—why, you look like Ingeborg, Queen of Norway, she had twelve brothers, you know, and could lick them all, though they were heroes."

'None of your chaffing, young fellow,' said the tall girl, "or I will give you what shall make you wipe your face, be civil, or you will rue it. Though I keep company with gipsies, I would have you to know that I come of Christian blood and parents, and was born in the great house of Long Melford."

'I have no doubt,' said I, "that it was a great house, judging from your size, I shouldn't wonder if you were born in a church."

"Stay, Belle," said the man, putting himself before the young virago, who was about to rush on me, "my turn is first",—then advancing to me in a menacing attitude, he said, with a look of deep malignity, "'Afrud' was the word, wasn't it?"

It was, ' said I, "but I think I wronged you, I should have said, aghast, you exhibited every symptom of one labouring under uncontrollable fear"

The fellow stared at me with a look of stupid ferocity, and appeared to be hesitating whether to strike or not, ere he could make up his mind, the tall girl stepped forward, crying, "He's chaffing, let me at him", and, before I could put myself on my guard, she struck me a blow on the face which nearly brought me to the ground "Enough," said I, putting my hand to my cheek, "you have now performed your promise and made me wipe my face. Now be pacified, and tell me fairly the grounds of this quarrel"

"Grounds!" said the fellow, 'didn't you say I was afraid, and if you hadn't, who gave you leave to camp on my ground?"

"Is it your ground?" said I

'A pretty question," said the fellow, "as if all the world didn't know that Do you know who I am?"

"I guess I do," said I, 'unless I am much mistaken, you are he whom folks call the Flaming Tinman' To tell you the truth, I'm glad we've met, for I wished to see you These are your two wives, I suppose, I greet them There's no harm

Tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, and then fell to the ground completely exhausted, and it so happened that the blow which I struck the tinker beneath the ear was a right handed blow

"Hurrah for Long Melford!" I heard Belle exclaim, "there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over"

At these words, I turned round my head as I lay, and perceived the Flaming Tinman stretched on the ground apparently senseless

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

THE TRANSMISSION OF DR JOHNSON'S PERSONALITY

To talk about Dr Johnson has become a confirmed habit of the British race. Four years after Johnson's death, Boswell, writing to Bishop Percy, said, 'I dined at Mr Malone's on Wednesday with Mr W G Hamilton, Mr Elliot, Mr Windham, and Mr Courtenay, and Mr Hamilton observed very well what a proof it was of Johnson's merit that we had been talking of him all afternoon.' That was hundred and ten years ago. We have been talking of him ever since. But what does this perpetual interest in Dr Johnson prove? Why, nothing whatever, except that he was interesting. But this a great deal, in deed, it is the whole matter for a man, a woman, or a book. When you come to think of it, it is our sole demand. Just now authors, in interesting class, are displaying a great deal of uneasiness about their goods, whether they are to be in one volume or in three, how the profits (if any) are to be divided, what their books should be about, and how far the laws of decency should be observed in their construction. All this is very wearisome to the reader, who does not care whether a book be as long as *Clarissa Harlowe*, or as short as *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, provided only and always that it is interesting. And this is

why Johnson is supreme, and why we go on talking about him long after we have exhausted the subject of our next door neighbour

Not many years ago at our own annual gathering on the 10th of December, two of our guests were called upon (the practice is inhospitable) to say something. One was an Irish patriot, who had languished in jail during a now ancient *regime*, who on demanding from the chaplain to be provided with some book which was not the Bible a collection of writings with which he was already, so he assured the chaplain well acquainted, was supplied with Boswell, a book it so chanced, he had never before read. He straightway, so he told us, forgot both his own and his country's woes. 'How happily the days of Thälzba went by', and now, in the retrospect of life, his prison days wear the hues of enjoyment and delight. He has

hold of me that could the Doctor have obtained permission to revisit Fleet Street, his earthly heaven, that night, and had he come in amongst us he would certainly have preferred both the compliment and the conversation of the cricketer to those of the critics he would have found at the table.

This, at all events is what I mean by being interesting.

But how does it come about that we can all at this distance of time be so infatuated about a man who was not a great philosopher or poet but only a miscellaneous writer? The answer must be Johnson, is a transmitted personality.

To transmit personality is the secret of literature as surely as the transmission of force is the running spring of universe. It is also the secret of religion.

To ask how it is done is to break your heart. Genius can do it sometimes but what cannot genius do? Talent fails oftener than it succeeds. Mere sincerity of purpose is no good at all unless accompanied by the rare gift of personal expression. A rascal like Benvenuto Cellini or Casanova an oddity like Borrow is more likely to possess this gift than a saint and this is why it is so much to be regretted that we have fewer biographies of avowed rogues than of professed saints. But I will not pursue this branch of the subject further.

Johnson's I repeat is a transmitted personality. We know more about him than we do about any body else in the wide world. Chronologically speaking he might have been one of the four great grandfathers of most of us. But what do any of you know

about that *partie carree* of your ancestors? What were their habits and customs? Did they wear tie wigs or bob wigs? What were their opinions? Can you tell me a single joke they ever made? Who were their intimate friends? What was their favourite dish? They lived and died. The truth is we inhabit a world which has been emptied of our predecessors. Perhaps it is as well, it leaves the more room for us to occupy the stage during the short time we remain upon it.

But though we cannot acquire the secret, though we cannot deliberately learn how to transmit personality from one century to another, either our own personality or anybody else's still, we may track the path and ask by what ways may personality be transmitted.

Dr Johnson's case is in the main that of a personality transmitted to us by means of a great biography. He comes down to us through Boswell. To praise Boswell is superfluous. His method was studied, but at the same time original. He had always floating through his fuddled brain a great ideal of portraiture. Johnson himself, though he does not seem to have had any confidence in his disciple, preferring to appoint the unclubable Hawkins his literary executor, nevertheless furnished Boswell with hints and valuable directions, but the credit is all Boswell's, whose one aim was to make his man live. To do this he was prepared, like a true artist, to sacrifice everything. The properties did not exist for him. Then, what a free hand he had. Johnson left neither wife nor child. I don't suppose Black Frank, John-

son's servant and residuary legatee, ever read a line of the *Biography*. There was no daughter married to a country squire to put her pen through the fact that Johnson's father kept a bookstall. There was no grandson in the Church to water down the witticisms that have reverberated through the world. He coarsely rejected it. Miss Hannah More besought his tenderness for our virtuous and most revered departed friend, I beg you will mitigate some of his asperities. To which Boswell replied that he would not cut off his claws nor make a tiger a cat to please any body.

The excellent Bishop Percy humbly requested Boswell that his (the Bishop's) name might be suppressed in the pages of the forthcoming *Biography*. To him Boswell—As to suppressing your lordship's name, I will do anything to oblige your lordship but that very thing. I owe to the authenticity of my work to introduce as many names of eminent persons as I can. Believe me my lord, you are not the only Bishop in the number of great men with which my pages are graced. *I am resolute as to this matter.*

This sets me thinking of the many delightful pages of the great *Biography* in which the name of Percy occurs, in circumstances to which one can understand a Bishop objecting. So absurd a creature is man particularly what Carlyle used to call shovel-hatted man.

How easily might the greatest of our biographies have been whittled away to nothing—to the dull ineptitudes with which we are all familiar, but for the glorious intrepidity of Boswell, who, if he did not

practise the whole duty of a man, at least performed the whole duty of a biographer

As a means of transmitting personality memories rank high. Here we have Miss Burney's *Memoirs* to help us and richly do they repay study, and Mrs Thrale's marvellous cotton of anecdotes, sparkling with womanly malice. Less deserving of notice are the volumes of Miss Anna Seward's correspondence, edited by Sir Walter Scott, who did not choose for their motto, as he fairly might have done, Sir Toby Belch's famous observation to that superlative fool Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Let there be ball enough in thy ink though thou write with a goose pen—no matter.

But whether we read the *Biography* or the *Memoirs* it cannot escape our notice that Johnson's personality has been transmitted to us chiefly by a record of his talk.

must have *first a marked and constant* character, and, *second*, the gift of characteristic expression, so as to stamp all your utterances, however varied, however flatly contradictory one with another with certain recognizable and ever-present marks or notes. The great Duke of Wellington possessed these qualifications and consequently, though his conversation, as recorded by Lord Stanhope and others, is punfully restricted in its range of subject and his character is lacking in charm it is always interesting and sometimes remarkable. All the stories about Wellington are characteristic, and so are all the stories about Johnson. They all fit in with our conception of the character of the man about whom they are told, and thus strengthen and confirm that unity of impression which is essential if personality is to be transmitted down the ages.

The last story of Johnson I stumbled across is in a little book called *A Book for a Rainy Day*, written by an old gentleman called Smith, the author of a well-known life of Nollekens, the sculptor, a biography written with a vein of causticity some have attributed to the fact that the biographer was not also a legatee. Boswell, thank Heaven, was above such considerations. He was not so much as mentioned in his great friend's will. The hated Hawkins was preferred to him, Hawkins who wrote the authorized *Life of Johnson*, in which Boswell's name is only mentioned once in a foot-note. But to return to Mr Smith. In this book of his he records 'I once saw Johnson follow a sturdy thief who had stolen his handkerchief in Grosvenor Square, seize him by the

collar with both hands, and shake him violently, after which he quickly let him loose, and then with his open hand gave him so powerful a smack on the face as to send him off the pavement staggering.

Now, in this anecdote of undoubted authenticity, Johnson said nothing whatever, he fired off no epigram, thundered no abuse, and yet the story is as characteristic as his famous encounter with the Thames bargee.

position, united to a positively brutal aversion to any kind of exaggeration particularly of feelings and you get a combination rarely to be met with

Another point must not be forgotten—ample leisure The Dr Johnson we know is the *post pension* Doctor Never, surely, before or since did three hundred pounds a year of public money yield (thanks mainly to Boswell) such a perpetual harvest for the public good Not only did it keep the Doctor himself and provide a home for Mrs William and Mrs Desmoulins and Miss Carmichael and Mr Levett, but has kept us all going ever since Dr Johnson after his pension, which he characteristically wished was twice as large so that the newspaper dogs might make twice as much noise about it, was thoroughly lazy fellow, who hated solitude with the terrible hatred of inherited melancholia He loved to talk, and he hated to be alone He said, 'John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure He is always obliged to go at a certain hour This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk as I do'

But of course Wesley—a bright and glorious figure of the last century to whom justice will some day be done when he gets from under the huge human organization which has so long lain heavily on the top of him—Wesley had on his eager mind and tender conscience the conversion of England, whose dark places he knew, he could not stop all night exchanging intellectual hardihood with Johnson Burke, too, had his plaguery politics to keep Lord John Cavendish up to the proper pitch of an uncongenial enthusiasm,

and all sorts of entanglements and even law suits of his own, Thurlow had the woolsack, Reynolds, his endless canvases and lady sitters, Gibbon, his history, Beauclerk, his assignations. One by one these eminent men would get up and steal away, but Johnson remained behind.

To sum this up, I say, it is to his character, plus his mental endowments, as exhibited by his talk, as recorded by Boswell and others, that the great world of Englishmen owe their Johnson. Such sayings as 'Hervey was a vicious man, but he was very kind to me, if you call a dog Hervey I should love him', throb through the centuries and excite in the mind a devotion akin to, but different from, religious feeling. The difference is occasioned by the entire absence of the note of sanctity. Johnson was a good man and a pious man and a great observer of days, but despite his bow to an archbishop, he never was in the way of becoming a saint. He lived fearfully, and after a fashion prayerfully, but without assurance or exaltation.

Another mode of transmission of personality is by letters. To be able to say what you mean in a letter is a useful accomplishment, but to say what you mean in such a way as at the time to say what you are, is immortality. To publish a man's letters after his death is nowadays a familiar outrage, they often make interesting volumes, seldom permanent additions to our literature. Lord Beaconsfield's letters to his sister are better than most, but of the letter writers of our own day Mrs. Carlyle stands proudly first—her stupendous lord being perhaps a bad second. John-

son's letters deserve more praise than they have received. To win that praise they only require a little more attention. Dr. Brinkbeck Hill has collected them in two stately volumes, and they form an excellent appendix to his great edition of the *Life*. They are in every style, from the monumental to the utterly frivolous, but they are always delightful and ever characteristic. Their friendliness—an excellent quality in a letter—is perhaps their most prominent feature. It is hardly ever absent. Next to their friendliness comes their playfulness, guety, indeed, there is none. At heart our beloved Doctor was full of gloom, but though he was never gay, he was frequently playful and his letters abound with innocent and touching mirth and an always affectionate fun. Some of his letters, those, for example, to Miss Porter after his mother's death, are, I verily believe, as moving as any ever written by man. They reveal, too, a thoughtfulness and a noble generosity it would be impossible to surpass. I beseech you to read Dr. Johnson's letters, they are full of literature, and with what is better than literature, life and character and comradeship. Had we nothing of Johnson but his letters we should know him and love him.

Of his friend Sir Joshua's two most famous pictures I need not speak. One of them is the best known portrait in our English world. It has more than a trace of the vile melancholy the sitter inherited from his father, melancholy which I fear turned some hours of every one of his days into blank dismay and wretchedness.

At least, by a route not I hope wearisomely cir

curious, we reach Johnson's own books, his miscellaneous writings, his twelve volumes, octavo, and the famous *Dictionary*. It is sometimes lightly said, 'Oh, nobody reads Johnson,' just as it is said, 'Nobody reads Richardson, nobody reads Sterne, nobody reads Byron.' It is all nonsense, there is always somebody reading Johnson, there is always some body weeping over Richardson, there is always some body sniggering over Sterne and chuckling over Byron. It is no disrespect to subsequent writer of prose or poetry to say that none of their productions do or ever can supply the place of the *Lives of the Poets*, of *Clarrisa*, of the elder Shandy and his brother Toby, or of *Don Juan*. Genius is never crowded out.

But I am willing enough to admit that Johnson was more than a writer of prose, more than a biographer of poets, he was himself a poet, and his poetry, as much as his prose, nay, more than his prose, because of its concentration, conveys to us the same dominating personality that bursts from the pages of Boswell like the Genu from the bottle in the Arabian story.

Of poetic freedom he had barely any. He knew but one way of writing poetry, namely, to chain together as much sound sense and sombre feeling as he could squeeze into the fetters of rhyming couplets, and then to clash those fetters loudly in your ear. This proceeding he called versification. It is simple, it is monotonous, but in the hands of Johnson it sometimes does not fall far short of the moral sublime. *London* and the *Vanity of Human Wishes* have never failed to excite the almost passionate admiration of succeeding poets. Ballayne tells us how Scott

avowed he had more pleasure in reading *London* and *the Vanity of Human Wishes* than any other poetical compositions he could mention, and adds, 'I think I never saw his countenance more indicative of high admiration than while reciting them aloud'

Byron loved them, they never failed to move Tennyson to cries of approval. There is, indeed, that about them, imitations, and often close imitations, of Juvenal though they be, which stamps them great. They contain lines which he could easily have bettered, verbiages a child can point out, but the effect they produce, on learned and simple on old and young, is one and the same. We still hear the voice of Johnson, as surely as if he had declaimed the verses into a phonograph.

When you turn to them you are surprised to find how well you know them: what a hold they have got upon the English mind, how full of quotations they are, how immovably fixed in the glorious structure of English verse. Poor Sprat has perished despite his splendid tomb in the Abbey. Johnson has only a cracked stone and a worn out inscription (for the Hercules in St Paul's is unrecognizable), but he dwells where he would wish to dwell—in the loving memory of men. Johnson has in sober verity come down to us.

HARRISON AINSWORTH

THE EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY

Monday, the 12th of February, 1554, the fatal day destined to terminate Jane's earthly sufferings, at length arrived. Excepting a couple of hours which she allowed to rest, at the urgent entreaty of her companion, she had passed the whole of the night in prayer. Angela kept watch over the lovely sleeper, and the effect produced by the contemplation of her features during this her last slumber was never afterwards effaced. The repose of an infant could not be more calm and holy. A celestial smile irradiated her countenance, her lips moved as if in prayer, and if good angels are ever permitted to visit the dreams of those they love on earth, they hovered that night over the couch of Jane. Thinking it cruelty to disturb her from such a blissful state, Angela let an hour pass beyond the appointed time. But observing a change come over her countenance, seeing her bosom heave, and tears gather beneath her eye lashes she touched her, and Jane instantly arose.

"Is it four o'clock?" she inquired.

"It has just struck five, madam," replied Angela. "I have disobeyed you for the first and last time. But you seemed so happy, that I could not find in my heart to waken you."

"*I was* happy," replied Jane, "for I dreamed that all was over—without pain to me—and that my soul

was borne to regions of celestial bliss by a troop of angels who had hovered above the scaffold "

'It will be so, madam,' replied Angela, fervently 'You will quit this earth immediately for heaven, where you will rejoin your husband in everlasting happiness "

'I trust so," replied Jane, in an altered tone, "but in that blessed place I searched in vain for him. Angela, you let me sleep too long, or not long enough "

"Your pardon, dearest madam," cried the other, fearfully

"Nay you have given me no offence," returned Jane, kindly 'What I meant was that I had not time to find my husband '

"Oh you *will* find him, dearest madam," returned Angela, "doubt it not Your prayers would wash out his offences, even if his own could not "

"I trust so," replied Jane "And I will now pray for him, and do you pray too "

Jane then retired to the recess, and in the gloom, for it was yet dark, continued her devotions until the clock struck seven She then arose, and assisted by Angela attired herself with great care

"I pay more attention to the decoration of my body now I am about to part with it," she observed, 'than I would do, if it was to serve me longer So joyful is the occasion to me, that were I to consult my own feelings, I would put on my richest apparel to indicate my contentment of heart I will not, however, so brave my fate, but array myself in these weeds " And she put on a gown of black velvet, without orna-

ment of any kind tying round her slender throat (so soon, alas! to be severed) a simple white falling collar. Her hair was left purposely unbraided, and was confined by a caul of black velvet. As Angela performed those sad services, she sobbed audibly.

'Nay, cheer thee, child,' observed Jane. "When I was clothed in the robes of royalty, and had the crown placed upon my brow, nay, when arrayed on my wedding day, I felt not half so joyful as now."

'Ah! madam!" exclaimed Angela, in a paroxysm of grief. "My condition is more pitiable than yours. You go to certain happiness. But I lose you."

'Only for a while, dear Angela,' returned Jane. "Comfort yourself with that thought. Let my fate be a warning to you. Be not dazzled by ambition. Had I not once yielded, I had never thus perished. Discharge your duty strictly to your eternal and to your temporal rulers, and rest assured we shall meet again—never to part."

"Your counsel shall be graven on my heart, madam," returned Angela. "And oh! may my end be as happy as yours!"

"Heaven grant it!" ejaculated Jane, fervently. "And now," she added, as her toilette was ended, "I am ready to die."

"Will you not take some refreshment, madam?" asked Angela.

"No," replied Jane. "I have done with the body."

The morning was damp and dark. A thaw came on a little before daybreak, and a drizzling shower of rain fell. This was succeeded by a thick

mist, and the whole of the fortress was for a while enveloped in vapour. It brought to Jane's mind the day on which she was taken to trial. But a moral gloom likewise overspread the fortress. Every one within it, save her few enemies (and they were few indeed), lamented Jane's approaching fate. Her youth, her innocence, her piety, touched the sternest breast, and moved the pity even of her persecutors. All felt that morning as if some dire calamity was at hand, and instead of looking forward to the execution as an exciting spectacle (for so such revolting exhibitions were then considered), they wished it over. Many a prayer was breathed for the speedy release of the sufferer, many a sigh heaved, many a groan uttered, and if ever soul was wafted to Heaven by the fervent wishes of those on earth, Jane's was so.

It was late before there were any signs of stir and bustle within the fortress. Even the soldiers gathered together *reluctantly*, and those who conversed spoke in whispers. Dudley, who it has been stated was imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower, had passed the greater part of the night in devotion. But towards morning, he became restless and uneasy, and unable to compose himself, resorted to the customary employment of captives in such cases, and with a nail which he had found carved his wife's name in two places on the walls of his prison. These inscriptions still remain.

At nine o'clock, the bell of the chapel began to toll, and an escort of halberdiers and arquebusiers drew up before the Beauchamp Tower, while Sir Thomas Brydges and Feckenham entered the cham-

ber of the prisoner, who received them with an unmoved countenance

'Before you set out upon a journey from which you will never return, my lord," said Feckenham, 'I would ask you for the last time, if any change has taken place in your religious sentiments, and whether you are yet alive to the welfare of your soul.'

'Why not promise me pardon if I will recant on the scaffold, and silence me as you silenced the duke my father, by the axe!" replied Dudley, sternly

No, sir, I will have naught to do with your false and idolatrous creed. I shall die a firm believer in the gospel and trust to be saved by it."

'Then perish, body and soul,' replied Feckenham, harshly. Sir Thomas Brydges, I commit him to your hands."

Am I to be allowed no parting with my wife?" demanded Dudley, anxiously

'You have parted with her for ever. heretic and unbeliever!" rejoined Feckenham

That speech will haunt your death bed, sir," retorted Dudley, sternly. And he turned to the lieutenant, and signified that he was ready

The first object that made Dudley's gaze, as he issued from his prison, was the scaffold on the Green. He looked at it for a moment, wistfully

"Shall you see my wife, sir?" demanded Dudley, anxiously

The lieutenant answered in the affirmative "Tell her I will be with her on the scaffold," said Dudley

As he was about to set forward, a young man pushed through the lines of halberdiers, and threw himself at his feet It was Cholmondeley Dudley instantly rised and embraced him "At least I see one whom I love," he cried

"My lord, this interruption must not be," observed the lieutenant "If you do not retire," he added, to Cholmondeley, 'I shall place you in arrest'

"Farewell, my dear lord," cried the weeping esquire, 'farewell'

'Farewell, for ever!' returned Dudley, as Cholmondeley was forced back by the guard

The escort then moved forward, and the lieutenant accompanied the prisoner to the gateway of the Middle Tower, where he delivered him to the sheriffs and their officers, who were waiting there for him with a Franciscan friar, and then returned to fulfil his more painful duty A vast crowd was collected on Tower Hill, and the strongest commiseration was expressed for Dudley, as he was led to the scaffold, on which Mauger had already taken his station

On quitting the Beauchamp Tower, Feckenham proceeded to Jane's prison He found her on her knees, but she immediately arose

"Is it time?" she asked

"It is, madam—to repent," replied Feckenham sternly "A few minutes are all that now remain

to you of life—nay at this moment perhaps your husband is called before his Eternal Judge. There is yet time. Do not perish like him in your sins.

Heaven have mercy upon him! cried Jane falling on her knees.

And notwithstanding the importunities of the confessor she continued in fervent prayer till the appearance of Sir Thomas Brydges. She instantly understood why he came and rising prepared for departure. Almost blinded by tears Angela rendered her the last services she required. This done the lieutenant who was likewise greatly affected begged some slight remembrance of her.

I have nothing to give you but this book of prayers sir, she answered but you shall have that, when I have done with it, and may it profit you.

You will receive it only to cast it into the flame my son remarked Feelenham.

On the contrary I shall treasure it like a priceless gem replied Brydges.

You will find a prayer written in it in my own hand said Jane and again I say may it profit you.

who walked on her right, while Angela kept near her on the other side. And so they reached the Green.

By this time the fog had cleared off and the rain had ceased, but the atmosphere was humid, and the day lowering and gloomy. Very few spectators were assembled, for it required firm nerves to witness such a tragedy. A flock of carrion crows and ravens, attracted by their fearful instinct, wheeled around overhead, or settled on the branches of the bare and leafless trees, and by their croaking added to the dismal character of the scene. The bell continued tolling all the time.

The sole person upon the scaffold was Wolfytt. He was occupied in scattering straw near the block. Among the bystanders was Sorrocold leaning on his staff, and as Jane for a moment raised her eyes as she passed along, she perceived Roger Ascham. Her old preceptor had obeyed her, and she repaid him with a look of gratitude.

By the lieutenant's directions, she was conducted for a short time into the Beauchamp Tower and here Feckenhim continued his persecutions until a deep groan arose among those without, and an officer abruptly entered the room.

'Madam,' said Sir John Brydges, after the new comer had delivered his message, 'we must set forth.'

Jane made a motion of assent, and the party issued from the Beauchamp Tower, in front of which a band of halberdiers was drawn up. A wide open space was kept clear around the scaffold. Jane seemed unconscious of all that was passing. Preceded

by the lieutenant, who took his way towards the north of the scaffold, and attended on either side by Feckenhams and Angela as before, she kept her eyes steadily fixed on her prayer book.

Arrived within a short distance of the fatal spot, she was startled by a scream from Angela, and looking up, beheld four soldiers, carrying a litter covered with a cloth, and advancing toward her. She knew it was the body of her husband, and unprepared for so terrible an encounter, uttered a cry of horror. The bearers of the litter passed on, and entered the porch of the chapel.

While this took place, Mauger, who had limped back as fast as he could after his bloody work on Tower Hill, only tarrying a moment to exchange his axe, ascended the steps of the scaffold, and ordered Wolfytt to get down Sir Thomas Brydges, who was greatly shocked at what had just occurred, and would have prevented it if it had been possible, returned to Jane and offered her his assistance. But she did not require it. The force of the shock had passed away, and she firmly mounted the scaffold.

When she was seen there, a groan of compassion arose from the spectators, and prayers were audibly uttered. She then advanced to the rail, and, in a clear distinct voice, spoke as follows —

"I pray you all to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by no other means except the mercy of God, and the merits of the blood of his only son Jesus Christ. I confess when I knew the word of God I neglected

it, and loved myself and the world, and therefore this punishment is a just return for my sins. But I thank God of his goodness that he has given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers."

Many fervent responses followed, and several of the bystanders imitated Jane's example, as, on the conclusion of her speech, she fell on her knees and recited the *Miserere*.

At its close, Feckenham said in a loud voice, "I ask you, madam, for the last time, will you repent?"

"I pray you sir, to desist" replied Jane, meekly. "I am now at peace with all the world, and would die so."

She then arose, and giving the prayer book to Angela, said, "When all is over, deliver this to the lieutenant. These," she added, taking off her gloves and collar, "I give to you."

"And to me," cried Mauer, advancing and prostrating himself before her according to custom, "you give grace."

"And also my head," replied Jane. "I forgive thee heartily, fellow. Thou art my best friend."

"What ails you, madam?" remarked the lieutenant observing Jane suddenly start and tremble.

"Not much", she replied, "but I thought I saw my husband pale and bleeding."

"Where?" demanded the lieutenant, recalling Dudley's speech.

"There, near the block," replied Jane. "I see the figure still. But it must be mere fantasy."

Whatever his thoughts were, the lieutenant made no reply, and Jane turned to Angela, who now began, with trembling hands, to remove her attire, and was trying to take off her velvet robe, when Mauger offered to assist her, but was instantly repulsed.

He then withdrew, and stationing himself by the block, assumed his hideous black mask, and shouldered his axe.

Partially disrobed, Jane bowed her head, while Angela tied a kerchief over her eyes, and turned her long tresses over her head to be out of the way. Unable to control herself, she then turned aside, and wept aloud. Jane moved forward in search of the block, but fearful of making a false step, felt for it with her hands, and cried, 'What shall I do? Where is it? Where is it?'

Sir Thomas Brydges took her hand and guided her to it. At this awful moment, there was a slight movement in the crowd, some of whom pressed nearer the scaffold, and amongst others Sorrocold and Wolfyt. The latter caught hold of the boards to obtain a better view. Angela placed her hands before her eyes, and would have suspended her being, if she could, and even Feckenham veiled his countenance with his robe. Sir Thomas Brydges gazed firmly on

By this time, Jane had placed her head on the block, and her last words were, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

The axe then fell, and one of the fairest and wisest heads that ever sat on human shoulders fell likewise.

ANDREW LANG

LETTER TO A YOUNG JOURNALIST

DEAR SMITH,

You inform me that you desire to be a journalist, and you are kind enough to ask my advice. Well, be a journalist, by all means, in any honest and honourable branch of the profession. But do not be an eavesdropper and a spy. You may fly into a passion when you receive this very plainly worded advice. I hope you will, but, for several reasons, which I now go on to state, I fear that you won't. I fear that, either by natural gift or by acquired habit, you already possess the imperturbable temper which will be so useful to you if you do join the army of spies and eavesdroppers. If I am right you have made up your mind to refuse to take offence, as long as by not taking offence you can wriggle yourself forward in the band of journalistic reptiles. You will be revenged on me, in that case, some day, you will lie in wait for me with a dirty bludgeon and steal on me out of a sewer. If you do, permit me to assure you that I don't care. But if you are already in a rage, if you are about tearing up this epistle, and are starting to assault me personally, or at least to answer me furiously, then there is every hope for you and for your future. I therefore venture to state my reasons for supposing that you are inclined to begin a course which your

father, if he were alive, would deplore, as all honourable men in their hearts must deplore it. When you were at the University (let me congratulate you on your degree) you edited, or helped to edit, *The Bull dog*. It was not a very brilliant nor a very witty, but it was an extremely 'racy' periodical. It spoke of all men and dons by their nicknames. It was full of second hand slang. It contained many personal anecdotes, to the detriment of many people. It printed garbled and spiteful versions of private conversations on private affairs. It did not even spare to make comments on ladies, and on the details of domestic life in the town and in the University. The copies which you sent me I glanced at with extreme disgust.

In my time, more than a score of years ago, a similar periodical, but a much more clever periodical, was put forth by members of the University. It contained a novel which, even now, would be worth several ill gotten guineas to the makers of the *Chronique scandaleuse*. But nobody bought it, and it died an early death. Times have altered, I am a fogey, but the ideas of honour and decency which fogies hold now were held by young men in the sixties of our century. I know very well that these ideas are obsolete. I am not preaching to the world, nor hoping to convert society, but to you, and purely in your own private, spiritual interest. If you enter on this path of tattle, mendacity, and malice, and if, with your cleverness and light hand, you are successful, society will not turn its back on you. You will be feared in many quarters, and welcomed in others.

Of your paragraphs people will say that "it is a shame, of course, but it is amusing." There are so many shames in the world, shames not at all amusing, that you may see no harm in adding to the number. "If I don't do it," you may argue, "some one else will." Undoubtedly, *but why should you do it?*

You are not a starving scribbler, if you determine to write, you can write well, though not so easily, on many topics. You have not that last excuse of hunger, which drives poor women to the streets, and makes unhappy men act as public blabs and spies. If you take to this *métier*, it must be because you like it, which means that you enjoy being a listener to and reporter of talk that was never meant for any ears except those in which it was uttered. It means that the hospitable board is not sacred for you, it means that, with you, friendship, honour, all that makes human life better than a low smoking room, are only valuable for what their betrayal will bring. It means that not even the welfare of your country will prevent you from running to the Press with any secret which you may have been entrusted with, or which you may have surprised. It means, this peculiar kind of profession, that all things open and excellent, and conspicuous to all men, are with you of no account. Art, literature, politics, are to cease to interest you. You are to scheme to surprise gossip about the private lives, dress, and talk of artists, men of letters, politicians. Your professional work will sink below the level of servants' gossip in a public house parlour. If you happen to meet a man of known name, you

will watch him, will listen to him, will try to sneak into his confidence, and you will blab, for money, about him, and your blab will inevitably be mendacious. In short like the most pitiable outcasts of woman kind and, without their excuse, you will live by selling your honour. You will not suffer much, nor suffer long. Your conscience will very speedily be seared with a red hot iron. You will be on the road which leads from mere dishonour to crime, and you may find yourself actually practising chantage, and extorting money as the price of your silence. This is the lowest deep, the vast majority, even of social mouchards, do not sink so low as this.

The profession of the critic, even in honourable and open criticism, is beset with dangers. It is often hard to avoid saying an unkind thing, a cruel thing, which is smart and which may even be deserved. Who can say that he has escaped this temptation, and what man of heart can think of his own fall without a sense of shame? There are, I admit, authors so antipathetic to me, that I cannot trust myself to review them. Would that I had never reviewed them! They cannot be so bad as they seem to me they must have qualities which escape my observation. Then there is the temptation to hit back. Some one writes, unjustly or unkindly as you think, of you or your friends. You wait till your enemy has written a book, and then you have your innings. It is not in nature that your review should be fair you must inevitably be more on the lookout for faults than merits. The *ercintage*, the 'smashing' of a literary foe is very delightful at the moment, but it does not

look well in the light of reflection. But these deeds are mere peccadilloes compared with the confirmed habit of regarding all men and women as fair game for personal tattle and the sating of private spite. No body, perhaps, begins with this intention. Most men and women can find ready sophistries. If a report about any one reaches their ears, they say that they are doing him a service by publishing it and enabling him to contradict it. As if any mortal ever listened to a contradiction! And there are charges—that of plagiarism, for example—which can never be disproved, even if contradictions were listened to by the public. The accusation goes everywhere, is copied into every printed rag, the contradiction dies with the daily death of a single newspaper. You may reply that a man of sense will be indifferent to false accusations. He may, or may not be,—that is not the question for you, the question for you is whether you will circulate news that is false, probably, and spiteful, certainly.

In short, the whole affair regards yourself more than it regards the world. Plenty of poison is sold, is it well for you to be one of the merchants? Is it the business of an educated gentleman to live by the trade of an eavesdropper and a blab? In the *Memoirs* of M. Blowitz he tells you how he began his illustrious career by procuring the publication of remarks which M. Thiers had made to him. He then “went to see M. Thiers, not without some apprehension.” Is that the kind of emotion which you wish to be habitual in your experience? Do you think it agreeable to become shame faced when you meet people who have con-

vered with you frankly. Do you enjoy being a
 sneak, and feeling like a sneak? Do you find blushing
 pleasant? Of course you will soon lose the power of
 blushing, but is that an agreeable prospect? Depend
 on it there are discomforts in the progress to the
 brazen in the journey to the shameless. You may,
 if your title is political, become serviceable to men
 engaged in great affairs. They may even ask you to
 their house if that is your ambition. You may urge
 that they condone your deeds and are even art and
 part in them. But you must also be aware that they
 call you and think you a reptile. You are not one
 of those who will do the devil's work without the
 devil's wages, but do you seriously think that the
 wages are worth the degradation?

on this road. Once begin to print private conversation, and you are lost—lost, that is, to delicacy and gradually, to many other things excellent and of good report. The whole question for you is, Do you mind incurring this damnation? If there is nothing in it which appals and revolts you, if your conscience is satisfied with a few ready sophisms, or if you don't care a pin for your conscience, fall to!

Vous irez loin! You will prattle in print about men's private lives, their hidden motives, their waistcoats, their wives, their boots, their business, their incomes. Most of your prattle will inevitably be lies. But go on! Nobody will kick you, I deeply regret to say. You will earn money. You will be welcomed in society. You will live and die content, and without remorse. I do not suppose that any particular inferno will await you in the future life. Whoever watches this world with larger other eyes than ours will doubtless make allowance for you, as for us all. I am not pretending to be a whit better than you, probably I am worse in many ways, but not in your way. Putting it merely as a matter of taste, I don't like the way. It makes me sick—that is all. It is a sin which I can comfortably damn, as I am not inclined to it. You may put it in that light, and I have no way of converting you, nor, if I have not dissuaded you, of dissuading you from continuing, on a larger scale, your practices in *The Bull-dog*.

Yours faithfully

ANDREW LANG

CAPTAIN SIR EDWARD HAMILTON
WESTROW HULSE, BART.,
SCOTS GUARDS

LETTER TO HIS MOTHER

28-12-14

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

Just returned to billets again, after the most extraordinary Christmas in the trenches you could possibly imagine. Words fail me completely in trying to describe it, but 'here goes'

On the 23rd we took over the trenches in the ordinary manner relieving the Grenadiers, and during the 24th the usual firing took place, and sniping was pretty brisk. We stood to arms as usual at 6.30 A.M. on the 25th, and I noticed that there was not much shooting, this gradually died down, and by 8 A.M. there was no shooting at all, except for a few shots on our left (Border Regt.) At 8.30 A.M. I was looking out, and saw four Germans leave their trenches and come towards us, I told two of my men to go and meet them, unarmed (as the Germans were unarmed), and to see that they did not pass the half-way line. We were 350-400 yards apart, at this point. My fellows were not very keen, not knowing what was up, so I went out alone, and met Barry, one of our ensigns, also coming out from another part of

the line. By the time we got to them they were $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way over, and much too near our barbed wire, so I moved them back. They were three private soldiers and a stretcher bearer, and their spokesman started off by saying that he thought it only right to come over and wish us a happy Christmas, and trusted us implicitly to keep the truce. He came from Suffolk where he had left his best girl and a $3\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. motor bike! He told me that he could not get a letter to the girl and wanted to send one through me. I made him write out a postcard in front of me, in English, and I sent it off that night. I told him that she probably would not be a bit keen to see him again. We then entered on a long discussion on every sort of thing. I was dressed in an old stocking cap and a man's overcoat, and they took me for a corporal, a thing which I did not discourage, as I had an eye to going as near their lines as possible.

I asked them what orders they had from their officers as to coming over to us, and they said *none*, they had just come over out of goodwill.

They protested that they had no feeling of enmity towards us at all but that everything lay with their authorities and that *being soldiers they had to obey*. I believe that they were speaking the truth when they said this, and that they never wished to fire a shot again. They said that unless directly ordered they were not going to shoot again until we did. We talked about the ghastly wounds made by rifle bullets, and we both agreed that neither of us used dum dum bullets, and that the wounds are solely inflicted by the high-velocity bullet with the sharp nose, at short

range. We both agreed that it would be far better if we used the old South African round nosed bullet which makes a clean hole.

They think that our Press is to blame in working up feeling against them by publishing false atrocity reports. I told them of various sweet little cases which I have seen for myself and they told me of English prisoners whom they have seen with soft nosed bullets and lead bullets with notches cut in the nose, &c had a heated, and at the same time, good natured argument, and ended by hinting to each other

lines, but six or seven such crowds, all the way down our lines, extending towards the 8th Division on our right. I hustled out and asked if there were any German officers in my crowd, and the noise died down (as this time I was myself in my own cap and badges of rank)

I found two, but had to talk to them through an interpreter, as they could neither talk English nor French. I explained to them that strict orders must be maintained as to meeting half way, and everyone unarmed, and we both agreed not to fire until the other did, thereby creating a complete deadlock and armistice (*it strictly observed*)

Meanwhile Scots and Huns were fraternizing in the most genuine possible manner. Every sort of souvenir was exchanged, addresses given and received, photos of families shown, etc. One of our fellows offered a German a cigarette, the German said, "Virginian?" Our fellow said, "Aye, strught cut" the German said, 'No thanks, I only smoke Turkish!' (Sort of 10s a 100 me!) It gave us all a good laugh. A German N C O with the Iron Cross, gunned he told me, for conspicuous skill in snipping,—started his fellows off on some marching tune. When they had done I set the note for "*The Boys of Bonnie Scotland, where the heather and the bluebells grow,*" and so we went to singing everything from "*Good King Wenceslaus*" down to the ordinary Tommies' song and ended up with "*Auld Lang Syne.*" which we all, English, Scots, Irish, Prussian, Wurtemberger's, etc., joined in. It was absolutely astounding, and if I had seen it on a cinematograph film I should have

sworn that it was faked!

From foul rain and wet, the weather had cleared up the night before to a sharp frost and it was a perfect day everything white, and the silence seemed extraordinary, after the usual din. From all sides birds seemed to arrive, and we hardly ever see a bird generally. Later in the day I fed about 50 sparrows outside my dug out, which shows how complete the silence and quiet was.

I must say that I was very much impressed with the whole scene, and also, as everyone else, astoundingly relieved by the quiet, and by being able to walk about freely. It is the first time, day or night, that we have heard no guns, or rifle firing, since I left Havre and convalescence! Just after we had finished "*Auld Lang Syne*" an old hare started up, and seeing so many of us about in an unwonted spot, did not know which way to go. I gave one loud "View Holloa," and one and all, British and Germans, rushed about giving chase, slipping up on the frozen plough falling about, and after a hot two minutes we killed in the open, a German and one of our fellows falling together heavily upon the completely baffled hare. Shortly afterwards we saw four more hares, and killed one again, both were good heavy weight and had evidently been out between the two rows of trenches for the last two months, well-fed on the cabbage patches, etc., many of which are untouched on the "no man's land." The enemy kept one and we kept the other. It was now 11-30 A.M. and at this moment George Painter arrived on the scene, with a hearty "Well, my lads, a Merry Christmas to you!" This is

d——d comic, isn't it?" George told them that he thought it only right that we should show that we could desist from hostilities on a day which was so important in both countries, and he then said, "Well, my boys, I've brought you over something to celebrate this funny show with," and he produced from his pocket a large bottle of rum (not ration rum, but the proper stuff). One large shout went up, and the nasty little spokesman uncorked it, and in a heavy unceremonious manner, drank our healths, in the name of his 'camraden' the bottle was then passed on and polished off before you could say knife.

During the afternoon the same extraordinary scene was enacted between the lines, and one of the enemy told me that he was longing to get back to London. I assured him that "So was I." He said that he was sick of the war, and I told him that when the truce was ended, any of his friends would be welcome in our trenches, and would be well received, fed, and given a free passage to the Isle of Man. Another courting meeting took place, with no result, and at 4.30 P.M. we agreed to keep in our respective trenches, and told them that the truce was ended. They persisted, however, in saying that they were not going to fire, and as George had told us not to, unless they did, we prepared for a quiet night, but warned all sentries to be doubly on the alert.

During the day both sides had taken the opportunity of bringing up piles of wood, straw, etc., which is generally only brought up with difficulty under fire. We improved our dug outs, roofed in new

ones, and got a lot of very useful work done towards increasing our comfort. Directly it was dark, I got the whole of my Coy on to improving and re making our barbed wire entanglements, all along my front, and had my scouts out in front of the working parties, to prevent any surprise, but not a shot was fired, and we finished off a real good obstacle unmolested.

On my left was the bit of ground over which we attacked on the 18th, and here the lines are only from 85 to 100 yards apart.

The Border Regiment were occupying this section on Christmas Day, and Giles Loder, our Adjutant, went down there with a party that morning on hearing of the friendly demonstrations in front of my Coy, to see if he could come to an agreement about our dead, who were still lying out between the trenches. The trenches are so close at this point that of course each side had to be far stricter. Well, he found an extremely pleasant and superior stamp of German officer, who arranged to bring all our dead to the half-way line. We took them over there, and buried 29 exactly half way between the two lines. Giles collected all personal effects, pay books and identity discs, but was stopped by the Germans when he told some men to bring in the rifles, all rifles lying on their side of the half-way line they kept carefully!

They apparently treated our prisoners well, and did all they could for our wounded. This officer kept on pointing to our dead and saying, '*Les Braves, c'est bien dommage*'

When George heard of it he went down to that section and talked to the nice officer and gave him a scarf. That same evening a German orderly came to the half way line, and brought a pair of warm wholly gloves as a present in return for George.

The same night the Borderers and we were engaged in putting up big trestle obstacles, with barbed wire all over them and connecting them, and at this same point (namely, where we were only 85 yards apart) the Germans came out and sat on their parapet, and watched us doing it, although we had informed them that the truce was ended. Well all was quiet, as I said, that night, and next morning, while I was having breakfast one of my N C O's came and reported that the enemy were again coming over to talk. I had given full instructions and none of my men were allowed out of the trenches to talk to the enemy. I had also told the N C O of an advanced post which I have up a ditch, to go out with two men, *unarmed* if any of the enemy came over, to see that they did not cross the half way line, and to engage them in pleasant conversation. So I went out, and found the same lot as the day before, they told me again that they had no intention of firing and wished the truce to continue. I had instructions not to fire till the enemy did. I told them, and so the same comic form of temporary truce continued on the 26th, and again at 4 30 P M I informed them that the truce was at an end. We had sent them over some plum puddings and they thanked us heartily for them and retired again, the only difference being that instead of all my men

mentioned) The long and the short of it was that absolutely *nothing* happened, and after a sleepless night I turned in at 4-30 A M, and was woken again at 6 30, when we always stand to arms before day light I was just going to have another sleep at 8 A M when I found that the enemy were again coming over to talk to us (December 27th) I watched my N C O and two men go out from the advanced post to meet, and hearing shouts of laughter from the little party when they met I again went out myself

They asked me what we were up to during the night, and told me that they had stood to arms all night and thought we were going to attack them when they heard our heavy shelling, also that our guns had done a lot of damage and knocked out a lot of their men in billets I told them a deserter of theirs had come over to us, and that they had only him to thank for any damage done, and that we, after a sleepless night, were not best pleased with him either! They assured me that they had heard nothing of an attack, and I fully believed them, as it is inconceivable that they would have allowed us to put up the formidable obstacles (which we had on the two previous nights) if they had contemplated an offensive movement

Anyhow, if it had ever existed, the plan had miscarried, as no attack was developed on any part of our line, and here were these fellows still protesting that there was a truce although I told them that it had ceased the evening before So I kept the same arrangement, namely, that my N C O and two men

should meet them half-way, and strict orders were given that no other man was to leave the lines . . . I admit that the whole thing beat me absolutely. In the evening we were relieved by the Grenadiers, quite openly (not crawling about on all fours, as usual), and we handed on our instructions to the Grenadiers in case the enemy still wished to pay visits¹ .

NOTES AND IMPRESSIONS

THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS

Lord Macaulay (1800—1859) was a statesman, historian and a celebrated man of letters. He has a wonderful command of language and he makes his meaning clear by striking phrases, vigorous antitheses, anecdotes and illustrations. He read and remembered so much and was so fond of the strikingly picturesque aspect of things that he has rightly been called the philosopher of the obvious. As Gladstone said, Macaulay is always conversing or recollecting or reading or composing but reflecting never. But the magic of his style, clear, ringing and trumpet-tongued, is irresistible.

James II in 1689 issued a declaration of indulgence promising to suspend certain laws against the Roman Catholics. His command that his declaration should be read in all parish churches was resisted by seven bishops who were accordingly brought to trial for sedition. The declaration was very unpopular in the country so that the result of the trial was anxiously awaited.

Whitehall, a former residence of royalty, it now houses several public offices.

Temple Bar, a historic gateway. In olden times it was the custom to impale heads of traitors on this gateway.

sacerdotal priestly

Sunderland (1640—1702) British political intriguer and statesman. He was the trusted counsellor of James II.

Nuncio the title given to a Papal Envoy to any Catholic State In former times Nuncios acted as judges of appeal

TIGHT CORNERS

E V Lucas (b 1868) started his career as an essayist very early in life His essays are the best examples, in style and outlook, of the intimate, confidential manner Lucas is a literary craftsman of many and rare gifts He is not only an essayist and a humourist, he has written many no els, light books of travel, attempted poetry, and, recently, even drama Note the polish, the urbanity, the light tripping manner, the whimsicality and shrewdness, the mock and real pathos and comedy of mood and thought and expression

the tide in Brittany The best example of the dangers of a rapidly in-flowing tide, is perhaps the rocky island of Mont St Michel, on the borders of Brittany and Normandy, where the rock is surrounded by a vast stretch of level sand over which the tide comes at no less a speed than forty miles an hour Many lives have been lost thinking they could get across in time, and failing

Christie's Christie, Mason and Woods are the best known and oldest firm of auctioneers in London for works of art of every kind

Barbizon pictures Barbizon is a village on the outskirts of the forest of Fontainebleau in France About the middle of the last century it became the resort of a celebrated group of landscape painters known in the history of art as the Barbizon School The work of the painters of this School is distinguished by its sincerity and truth to nature and by a powerful poetic and romantic charm

a bloater The bloated plutocrat i.e., a puffed up rich man

dealer one whose profession it is to buy pictures in order to resell them

Crescendo An Italian word meaning 'getting louder and louder' Here used for a series of bids getting larger and larger

pickle A fix

Nonchalantly From the French *non*, no, and, *chaleur* heat Hence coolly

'note of hand only' The reference is to the stock money lenders' circulars which promise to lend any sum from £5 up to tens of thousands on the simple security of a signed receipt, thus inducing the impoverished and unwary to borrow from them

to dree this awful weird to abide this awful destiny

a firing party small squad of soldiers under an officer told off to perform a military execution

the big Daubigny a large picture by the French painter, Daubigny who was a prominent representative of the Barbizon School, and won fame chiefly by river scenes and landscape

Cockney The dialect and accent of the typical Londoner of the lower classes

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Thomas Woodrow Wilson (1856—1924) was at first a professor at an American University and then the President of the United States 1913—21 In 1916 he secured from the Kaiser a promise to abandon the more inhuman forms of submarine warfare, and on their resumption in 1917 broke off official relations with Germany and proclaimed war He entered into the conflict with great vigour, bringing the full military and financial resources of the Republic into play against Germany He was a great

factor in the winning of victory and in the concluding of a just peace. Note the moral fervour, the political vision, the balance of passion and restraint, in the oration.

The League of Nations is an association of States, formally pledged not to go to war before submitting their disputes with each other (or with a non-member of the League) to arbitration or enquiry. Any State violating this pledge is automatically in a state of outlawry with the other States, which may sever all political and economic relations with it. The League formally came into existence on January 10, 1920, as a result of the Treaty of Versailles which was concluded after the Great European war.

THE JUNGLE

H. G. Wells (1866—) is one of the most conspicuous of contemporary novelists. His mission is to reform, and his instrument is the novel, that shall go forth like a knight of old to destroy evil. He took a science degree with first class honours in zoology. He is the most prolific of the present day writers and he has been rightly called a dynamo of energy. The range of his writings is encyclopaedic and today he occupies the place of a prophet and guide in human affairs. *The Research Magificent* from which the present sketch of the jungle is taken is one of his finest novels. William Benham has come to believe that if the world is to progress mankind must learn to cast out fear and to live hardily and even dangerously. He travels to many distant countries to convert people to his views. The present passage finds him in India.

Night jar The goatsucker

Tantalise Torment with disappointment. The word is derived from Tantalus in Greek mythology, who was an offender punished in Hades for divulging the secrets entrusted to him by being afflicted with raging thirst, and

at the same time placed in the midst of a lake, the waters of which always receded as he attempted to drink them. Over his head, moreover, hung branches of fruit, which receded in like manner when he stretched out his hand to reach them.

Strophe and antistrophe two sections of an ancient Greek choric ode answering metrically to each other. Here used for the croaking of frogs and goat suckers.

Interminableness Endlessness

Spur Ridge

Lucifer Is the name of the planet Venus when seen in the morning before sunrise.

Parrakeets Small long tailed parrots

A MAD TEA PARTY

Lewis Carroll (1832—1898) was master of comic fantasy. There is a delicious wayward intellectuality about his humour, an inverted logic that appeals to the cultured mind, while it can be enjoyed equally well by children who see only the inventive fertility. Absurdities they are quite ready to take seriously, as part of their own imaginative experiences.

the march Hare There is an expression 'As mad as a March Hare'. Hares in the mating season (March) exhibit great liveliness, frisking and running madly about the fields hence this saying.

Beat time mark time with regular strokes. A play on the word beat which also means 'to strike repeatedly'.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star a parody on the well known poem 'Twinkle, twinkle little star'.

He's murdering time He is singing utterly regardless of the time, i.e., the beat or measure of the time.

Treacle uncrystallized syrup got in refining sugar.

Things are much of muchness things are very similar

LITERATURE

Thomas De Quincey (1785—1859) English critic and man of letters. His study of prose style as an effective and appropriate expression of imaginative and emotional thought made him one of the foremost essayists of his day. His mind, however, is essentially that of a poet, brilliant and imaginative rather than analytic and philosophic. For more than twenty years he continued writing to several journals and reviews. His prose writings cover a wide field—romance, biography, criticism, and personal reminiscence, including the famous *Confessions of an Opium Eater*. The dirge like music of his long sentences has the fascination of a siren song.

Attic pertaining to Attica of Athens

Scenic of the stage

Forensic of courts of law

Didactic meant to instruct

Lord Bacon (1561—1626) He was one of the most famous of English philosophers and statesmen. Pope wrote of him: If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined, the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind. His political career was tarnished by certain acts of corruption, for which he paid the penalty, but his writings are marked by keen insight, brilliancy of language, and shrewdness and sanity of thought which place them in the first rank of philosophical literature. His *Novum Organum* and his *Essays* are splendid monuments of learning and wisdom.

Glittering iris of human passions De Quincey puts his most significant ideas often in an imaginative setting, as here.

Paradox a statement contrary to received opinion

Paradise Lost Milton's epic poem It was published in 1667 It tells the story—

Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden

Milton (1608—1674) England's chief epic poet He wrote many historical, political and devotional works in addition to his poems In 1652 he became totally blind

Jacob's ladder the ladder that the patriarch Jacob saw in his vision of heaven He was the father of the twelve patriarchs who were reputed to have founded the twelve tribes of Israel

Mimicries Plato condemned drama and acting as a form of undignified 'mimicry'

Epopée Epic poem or poetry

Poetic Justice The punishing of vice and rewarding of virtue in dramatic, poetic or other fiction It requires to be carefully managed, as the result is equally offensive whether it be clumsily exaggerated and obtruded, or ostentatiously neglected It is usually a great instrument of the melodramatist

Indirectly by moving The so called romantic writers of the early 19th century condemned the obvious didacticism of the 18th century However they recognised as in the work of Wordsworth, the value of indirect teaching

Quamdiu bene se gesserit so long as he behaves himself well

Principia in this book Newton gave to the world some of the discoveries made by him

Sir Isaac Newton (1642—1727) was a great English mathematician and philosopher He made many important

discoveries e.g., the law of gravitation, the method of fluxions etc

La Place (1749—1829) was the greatest of the French mathematicians. He was the author of the nebular hypothesis

Nominis Umbra lit the shadow of the name, i.e., a name no longer famous

Iliad The tale of the siege of Troy, or Ilium, and epic poem attributed to Homer

Prometheus of Aeschylus Aeschylus (525—456 B C) was the earliest of the Athenian tragic poets. He wrote many plays of which *Prometheus* was one

Othello, *King Lear*, *'Hamlet'*, and *Macbeth* are the four most famous tragedies written by Shakespeare.

Praxiteles Greek sculptor who flourished about 340 B C

Michelangelo (1475—1564) was an Italian sculptor, painter, architect, military engineer, poet and the culminating point of the Renaissance

MY FIRST OUTING

Rabindranath Tagore (B 1861) is a poet, dramatist and short story writer. His lyrical poems are full of emotion and are of great imaginative beauty. His intense love for nature is expressed alike in his poems, novels, and stories. Note the delicacy and accuracy of expression in this piece taken from his *My Reminiscences*. He was made the Nobel Laureate in 1912.

Ambrosia Food of the Gods

Indra In Hindu mythology the god who stands at the head of the gods of heaven. In Vedic hymns he is described as the relentless foe of draught and darkness

Scandalised Shocked

THE SECRET DRAWER

Kenneth Grahame (1859—1923) is a writer of fine imagination and of a charming prose which has a delicacy and a strength and an attractive naturalness. The works of this author are mainly studies of childhood in an English countryside setting. Note the humour, the pathos, the tenderness, the alert curiosity, and the word music of this piece, and the dream like reverie of the closing sentences.

Boudoir a lady's private room

Jove Jupiter, the chief of the Roman divinities

Sheepish Bashful or embarrassed in manner

Woolly Not clear

Careened turned on one side for repair

Brocade Fabric woven with raised pattern

Monte Cristo Small rocky island off west coast of Italy

Terret A stout cotton or silk tape

FRIENDSHIP

A Clutton Brock (1868—1924) essayist and reviewer, was for several years on the staff of *The Times*, London. Most of his work is of a journalistic nature but at his best he wrote with rare skill and power. He is an essayist, critic and reviewer of great distinction. He was master of a simple style to which his imagination imparts a delicate beauty. His wide reading makes his sentences reminiscent of great and classical writers. Note the masculine verve, the crystal clear perspicuity, the insight and sanity and the humanity of his essay on Friendship.

STOICISM

J. G. Jennings, who is happily still living is one of the ablest scholars and educationists who served in India.

as a member of the Indian Educational Service continuously for about thirty years and retired some years ago. He was Principal of the Muir Central College, Allahabad, and, later, Vice-Chancellor of the Patna University. He is the author of a volume of fine lyrics, of a charming poetical version of *Sakuntala*, and of *Metaphor in English Poetry*. The lecture on *Stoicism* is taken from his *Addresses to Students* and was delivered to the students of the Behar National College, Bankipur (Patna) on December 10, 1918 soon after the close of the Great War. It is full of the weight and wisdom of ancient thought. The prose often echoes the cadences of classical literature and its solemn tone, gravity, and discernment have the mellow flavour of the writings of antiquity with a pleasing blend of modernity. Of special value is the parallelism between ancient Greek and Latin and ancient Indian ethical thought.

Trajan Was a Roman emperor. He led in person the imperial armies to victory in many lands. His rule was enlightened, and he was held in great honour by the people.

Arrian (c. 90—170 A.D.) He was a Greek historian. He was a pupil and friend of Epictetus. He gives the fullest account of the Stoic doctrine in *Enchiridion* Epicteti and *Discourses of Epictetus*.

Darius A king of the ancient Persian Empire was fought against Alexander and was defeated by him

Cleantes Died of voluntary starvation in 220 B C

Polygnotus An ancient Greek painter Aristotle calls him an ethic painter meaning that he showed character in the persons he painted and also says that he painted men better than they were meaning that his treatment was idealistic

Cecrops the mythical founder and first king of Athens To him are attributed the institution of marriage the abolition of human sacrifice and the establishment of purer worship

Zeus King of the Olympian gods Somewhat akin to the Hindu god Indra

REASON WHY A DIALOGUE

Mrs Barry Pain is a writer of a playful fancy and a nimble wit She excels in the creation of comic situations and the light tripping neatly turned out dialogue of *The Reason Why* has a rare spicy and pungent quality It is full of a daintily quiet innocent and yet mischievous almost unpeppery fun The humour of the situation lies in its absurdity and yet the piece is saved from being a mere farce It is a fine example of light comedy The secret is well kept right upto the end and we can never guess the reason why the guests did not turn up Note the puzzled guessing of Mr and Mrs Harry Grafton till Mrs Grafton exclaims while helping her husband on with his coat Dear me Harry what do you carry about in your pockets? It is delightful fooling from beginning to end

R. S. V. P. *Repondez sil vous plait* (Fr) Reply if you please

Part in a poke The idiom is *Pig in a poke* meaning a blind bargain as of a pig without being seen *Parto*

in a poke, therefore means a party given without going round and seeing people

Stock Exchange, the place where stocks are bought and sold

Deluge, flood, especially the Great Flood in the days of Noah

Ark a large floating vessel like that in which Noah escaped the Deluge

By *George* an oath St George was the patron saint of England

By *Jeremy*, an oath Jeremy is an abbreviated form of Jeremiah the prophet, author of the Book of Lamentations

THE TAJ BY MOONLIGHT

Robert Bernays is an experienced and widely travelled journalist of England. He came to India in 1930 and on his return published the diary of his Indian sojourn under the title of *Naked Taj* from which this piece is taken. It is like an imaginative and literary snapshot of the Taj. I approached India, he says in the course of the Preface to *Naked Taj*, without any previous convictions. I came upon it on my world tour not as a politician but as an ordinary globe trotter puzzled to discover what the East really looked like. I do not present *Naked Taj* as the inevitable book which all travellers feel called upon to write but merely as a diary of my reactions to the Indian Scene and the chief characters upon its stage. The *naked taj* is Mahatma Gandhi.

Kingdom of Heaven the abode of the blessed where is God. Christ gave the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven to Peter. Milton thus describes him in *Paradise Lost* —

Two many keys he bore of metals twain
The golden opens the iron shuts amain

Olympus the home of the gods of ancient Greece, where Zeus held his court a mountain about 9800 feet high on the confines of Macedonia and Thessaly. Hence the expression *Olympian* meaning the high and mighty people, and *Olympian heights* meaning too far removed from the earth and reality.

THE RETURN OF THE CHIFF CHAFF

W. H. Hudson (1841—1922) a celebrated British naturalist and prose writer, was a great traveller and a man of fine culture. The special feature of the writings of Hudson is his descriptive capacity, a tender philosophical touch lending interest and charm to his sketches as in the present case. He is a most fascinating writer of today. His autobiography *Far Away and Long Ago* describes his early days in South America and his pre-occupation with birds and beasts. A delightful writer upon all subjects of natural history, he is most delightful when he deals with birds.

Chiff-Chaff, a small species of warbler so called from the resemblance of its notes to the syllables which form its name.

"*Though it slay me yet will I trust it*" from *Job*, Chapter 13, Verse 15.

Resurrection restoration the rising again from the dead of *Christ's* resurrection Matt XVI, 5—9.

Mentor a guide, a wise and faithful counsellor, so called from Mentor, a friend of Ulysses, whose form Minerva assumed when she accompanied Telemachos in his search for his father (Ulysses).

Poet of Nature Wordsworth in his *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, and in his *Lines, composed A Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey*, and in *The Prelude*, refers to the compensation, the "abundant recompense," which the after years bring to a man for the loss of "the glad animal

movements" and for the decay of the senses

Later poet, Matthew Arnold (1822—1888), English poet and critic. Hudson is referring to his well-known poem, *Dover Beach*, 11 9—29

Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and
fling,

At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then begin again,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in
The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's
shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world

THE SANSKRIT DRAMA

Pantomime was a stage representation in which speech was not permitted, all the action being carried on by gesture and movement

Tragedy A serious drama with an unhappy ending, which appeals, more or less throughout, to the *sympathies* of the audience or reader. True tragedy involves on the part of the person or persons principally concerned, some fault, not in itself of a hateful character which brings about his unhappy end. We must not only be sorry for, or awed at, the event, but for and at the human circumstances and characteristics which have brought about the event.

Blank Verse Strictly, any unrhymed verse, but in ordinary use confined to the five-foot iambic unrhymed verse in which *Paradise Lost* and the greater part of Shakespeare's works are written.

Butt a person usually ridiculed or teased

Comedy A Greek word meaning 'a revel'. A kind of drama opposed to 'Tragedy' as being intended to cause laughter rather than tears, and to reflect actual ordinary life rather than exceptional incidents.

Unity or Unities 'Unity' generally means composition under some definite and single plan, not random and haphazard writing. In the Greek drama the three unities required were of *action*, of *time*, and of *place*, that is there should be one main plot that the time supposed should not exceed twenty four hours, and that the place of the spectators should be one and the same throughout the play.

Prologue Poem recited before or as first part of the play.

Interlude a short stage piece, or brief musical composition, for performance between more important pieces.

Kalidas An Indian dramatist and poet of great repute. He belonged to the post vedic period of Sanskrit Literature.

Bhavbhuti: A celebrated Indian dramatist of the 7th and 8th centuries, who with Kalidas and Harsha, completes the great dramatic trio

Tiring room Dressing room

Gesticulating using expressive motion of limbs etc, instead of speech

Cudraka An ancient Hindu King He was a patron of poets

Criharsha or *Harsha-vardhan* (606—648) was ruler of Northern India Under his patronage Bana wrote his historical romance *Harsha Charita* and other works

Goethe (1749—1832) the most distinguished of German poets and writers

Sir William Jones (1746—94) was the pioneer of Sanskrit studies in the West

Apostrophizes addresses in apostrophe An apostrophe is a sudden turning away from the ordinary course of a speech to address some person or object, present or absent

Valmiki A great seer He was a contemporary of Rama whose wanderings and heroic deeds he describes in his *Ramayan* Kalidas speaks of him as 'the first poet'

Gudenus the elder son of Cymbeline, a legendary king of Britain during the reign of Augustus Caesar In Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* Gudenus and his brother Arviragus were stolen in infancy by Belarius, a banished nobleman, out of revenge, and were brought up by him in a cave When the Romans invaded Britain the two young men so distinguished themselves that they were introduced to the king, and Belarius related their history

Chandragupta was the first emperor of the Maurya dynasty, reigning from 316 B C to 292 B C

Calderon (1600—1681) a Spanish dramatist of great eminence whose plays number about two hundred He was a writer of court spectacles for Philip IV

THE CONVALESCENT

Charles Lamb (1775—1834) is one of the most lovable English essayists. His *Essays of Elia* have very deservedly enjoyed great popularity among students of English literature. The style of all these essays is gentle, old-fashioned and irresistibly attractive. Note how varied, supple and expressive are his epithets and turns of phrases. Note also the confidential manner, the whimsicality, the shrewdness, the rare and remarkable human touch and the blend of pathos and humour in the essay.

he changes sides shifts his position in bed, there is a play on the other sense of 'to change sides, viz., to desert one's party'

tergiversation turning his back

Mare Clausum his private dominion. Literally sea under the exclusive jurisdiction of a country'

the Two Tables of the Law his whole moral and religious duty from the two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God, which Moses received on Mount Sinai

his bowels melted within him his pity is deeply roused

the muffled knocker the metal knocker hung to door is wrapped up in cloth or in leather to deaden the sound

Lernean pangs deadly pains. Lernean signifies 'poisoned', from the venomous blood of the Lernean Hydra, in which the arrows of Hercules were dipped. These arrows Philoctetes, the armour bearer of Hercules, received from his dying friend, and with one of them he accidentally wounded his foot.

Philoctetes the sick man. See note above.

terra firma Latin, solid ground

In Articulo Mortis Latin, at the point of death

hypochondriac flatus great vanity Flatus means inflation, hypochondriac, suffering from morbid state of depression

Tityus A gigantic son of Zeus (Jupiter) and Elara (Earth) whose body covered nine acres of land

WHAT SCIENCE CAN DO

John Pilley teaches the history of science at Bristol University His devotion to science has quickened his interest in man This makes him an excellent teacher He has written a book about electricity which is interesting as well as instructive He is still young While hardly out of his teens he was wireless officer during the last part of the Great War He is very good at making the most complicated scientific apparatus out of odd bits of things that he finds lying about, and lighting fires without matches and things like that His deep and intelligent interest in man is evinced, for instance, by his tracing the origin of science to the facts of the human mind Not even the most brilliant scientist can aspire to the name of thinker unless he has a theory of life and a vision of life Know thyself is as truly the motto of science as of philosophy and literature Professor John Pilley's exposition of science while it avoids all literary embellishment and flourishes of style, is remarkable for its lucidity and thoughtful persuasiveness

Animism a theory with regards the belief in separate spiritual existences as the germ of religious ideas It is adopted by E. B. Taylor in his *Primitive Culture* as the minimum definition of religion

Anthropomorphism the representation of the Deity in the form of man

erratically irregularly

Newton Sir Isaac Newton (1642—1727) who discovered the law of gravitation

Uranus one of the primary planets, the most distant of all except Neptune, possessing several satellites

Einstein one of the foremost scientists and thinkers of today the discoverer of the principle of relativity

Words are but an Unsatisfactory means of expressing to others what they feel the symbols of expression are imperfect A German poet declares that

'The greatest poems are silent,
Silent as deepest grief

Like phantoms they wander
Mute through the broken heart

FROM THE VOICED TO THE UNVOICED

Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose was born on November 30 1858 As a scientist and thinker he is world famous He has founded at Calcutta the Bose Research Institute where wonderful discoveries in Botany are being made He invented an apparatus known as the crescograph which, by enormous magnification of the natural movements in plants, makes it possible to record their life growth Note the masterly exposition and the fine eloquence of his address on the Life Unvoiced

Samuel Pierpont Langley (1834—1906) was an American astronomer He conducted many aeronautical experiments to demonstrate the feasibility of mechanical flight

Aerodynamics The Science of the motion of the air and other gases, and of their mechanical effects when in motion

Potomac river is in U S A

Alexander Graham Bell was born in Edinburgh He settled in Canada in 1870 In 1876 he exhibited at the Philadelphia exhibition the telephone which he had invented some four years before He also invented the

photophone and devoted much attention to the education of the deaf

Tribulation (archaic) affliction

Smithsonian Institute

Asoka was emperor of India from 272 B C to 232 B C. He was a great monarch and a zealous propagandist of Buddhism

Hieroglyph Figure of an object standing for word or sound as used in Egyptian and other writing

Narcotics drugs that induce drowsiness or insensibility

Automatism automatic or involuntary action

Protoplasm the semi fluid substance constituting the basis of life in plants and animals

Empiricism the system which resolves all knowledge into experience and induction

Anomaly irregularity, from Greek *an*, not, and *homalos*, even

Galileo (1564—1642), the great Italian astronomer. While still young he discovered the law of pendulum vibration by seeing a lamp swinging from the roof of the cathedral in Pisa. He also constructed the first telescope by which he made many astronomical studies. He was accused of heresy and among other penalties he had to suffer detention.

Giordano Bruno (1550—1600). He was an Italian philosopher. He wrote many books on metaphysics in which he developed pantheistic system. He was arrested by the Inquisition in 1593. Refusing to recant his heresies he was condemned to death and burnt at the stake in Rome (Feb 17, 1600).

PERSIAN POETRY

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803—1882), American poet and prose writer, says Morely "remains among the most persuasive and inspiring of those who by word and example rebuke our despondency, purify our sight, awaken us from the deadening slumbers of convention and conformity, exorcise the pestering imps of vanity, and lift men up from low thoughts and sullen moods of helplessness and impiety" He was a loving and profound student of Indian and other oriental literatures and thought He is one of the greatest and most original and brilliant literary critics He sounds the deepest depths of the thought and personality of writers and his interest in them is ethical, as Carlyle's was

Hammer-Purgstall, Joseph, Baron Von (1774—1856), Austrian historian and Orientalist He was in his day considered an authority on Oriental matters

Divan, a collection of *ghazals* or short odes

Hafiz, (d 1389), the greatest of Persian lyrical poets

Parnassus a mountain (8070 ft) in Phocis ancient Greece, a few miles north of Delphi It was reputed to be a favourite resort of Apollo and the Muses (nine goddesses of Poetry) Owing to its connection with the Muses, Parnassus came to be regarded as the seat of Poetry and music, and we still use such phrases as *To climb Parnassus*, meaning to write poetry The modern name of Parnassus is Lyahoura

Indansî, often called the Homer of Persia, author of the great Epic, *Shahnamah*, or Book of Kings, which contains the legendary annals of the ancient monarchs of Persia down to the Arab invasion in 641 A.D.

Anwarî Ahad Uddin (d between 1191 and 1196),

Persian poet and astrologer. He is generally regarded as one of the greatest Qasidah writers of all times. His verses exhibit consummate skill and great satirical powers.

N.B. Qasidah is a long poem generally praising some king or noble.

Nizami (1141—1202), the great author of *Sikandar Namah*, an epic poem celebrating the victories of Alexander over Darius etc. He is the author of several great poems, and, as an epic poet, holds a very high position in Persian Poetry, next to that of Firdausi only.

Jalal-Uddin, popularly known as Maulana-Room, the greatest Sufi poet of Persia. His *Masnawi* is regarded as the Holy Koran in Persian. As a mystic poet Maulana-Room holds a very high position both in the East and the West.

N.B. Sufism as a philosophical doctrine is very much akin to the Vedantism of the Hindus.

Saadi, the most popular Persian poet, was born in Shiraz in 1184 A.D. His works reveal a close blending of imagination and ethical wisdom. His *Bostan* and *Gulistan* (the Rose Garden) have been rendered into almost all the languages of the world. Saadi died in 1291 A.D.

Jami (1414—1492), was born at Jami (Khorasan). Unlike Firdausi, and to some extent Nizami, he excels in what the Persians call *Bazm* as opposed to *Razm* (epic poetry). Jami ranks very high as a Sufi poet and also as a prose writer. He wrote a history of the Sufis.

N.B. *Bazm* literally means 'court' or 'assembly'. *Bazm* as a species of Poetry therefore deals with life at the court of kings etc.

Attar (1119—1236), Persian poet of the mystic school, and author of the *Manfiyat tar*, or Conversation

of the Birds, a series of thirty moral tales, describing in terms of Sufi thought, the progress of the human soul to Nirvan (Najat) Professor Nicholson introduced him to the West by translating some of his well-known works into English in 1906

Omar Khyam, the famous tent-maker of Neshapore (in Persia), was born about the middle of the 11th century. It is as the author of a collection of quatrains, called the *Rubayyat*, that Omar Khyam is more popularly known.

He is the exponent in the East of the Epicurean doctrine of *Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero*, enjoy the present day, trusting the least possible to the future.

Many, however, find in his quatrains veiled meanings and a mysterious Sufism.

Achromatic transmitting light without colour

Epigram a short poem on one subject ending with an ingenious thought

Distich a couple of lines or verses making complete sense

Sirocco a hot suffocating wind which blows in northern Africa and Arabia and the adjacent countries from the interior deserts

Cyrus, The Younger, second son of Darius, king of Persia. In 404 B.C. his father died, and with the idea of dethroning his elder brother, he marched at the head of his troops, the famous Ten Thousand of Xenophon, from Sardis, and in the spring of 401 B.C. met and defeated the King's army at Cunaxa, near Babylon. But he himself was killed in the battle.

Xenophon (c. 430—c. 355 B.C.) Greek Prose writer, was a native of Athens and a pupil of Socrates.

In 401 B.C. he joined the expedition of Cyrus, The Younger, and has told the story of it in his *Anabasis*

Day of the Lot or the Day of Creation on which according to Muslim belief 'lots or fates' were distributed so that one cannot be otherwise than one is fated or destined to be

Day of Judgment the day on which according to Muslim belief, God will judge our actions and reward or punish us according to our deserts

Layard, Sir Austen Henry (1817—1894), English traveller and archaeologist started on a series of travels in the East in 1839

Improvisator (Improvisatori pl), one who composes and recites verses without preparation

Bedouins the name given to those Arabs who live in tents and lead a nomadic life

Gl'ar-on more correctly ghazvah or fight

Homeric pertaining to Homer, the greatest epic poet of the world the author of the *Iliad* He flourished probably in the 12th century B.C.

Homer was a native of Greece

Pentateuch a name used to denote the Jewish Torah, the first five books of the Old Testament

Solomon, the famous king of Israel (d. about B.C. 930) He was especially noted for his wisdom

Queen of Sheba the queen who visited Solomon (1 Kings X) is known to the Arabs as Bilqis, Queen of Saba (Koran Chap XXVII) Sheba was thought by the Greeks and Romans to have been the capital of what is now known as Yemen, S.W. Arabia and the people over whom the queen reigned were the Sabaeans

Asaph, the famous minister in chief of Solomon

Pyramids, the Pyramids of Egypt mark the burial places of some of its ancient kings

Jamshid in Persian legend, the fourth king of the Pishdadian Dynasty, i.e., the earliest, who is fabled to have reigned for 700 years and to have had the Devs, or Genii, as his slaves

Kai-Kaus, a mythical king of Persia, patron of Rustum and rival of Afrasiab, king of Mazindran

Rustum the Hercules of Firdausi, a mythical hero in the service of Kai-Kaus According to Firdausi he lived for 1113 years

Khusr, according to Muslims, a prophet who has drunk of the fountain of "Abe-hayat" or nectar and whom God has deputed to guide those who have lost their way

Tuba, according to the Holy Koran, a tree in the heavens

Laila and Majnun, *Khusru and Shirin*, ideal lovers in Arabic, Persian and Urdu literatures like Romeo and Juliet, etc

Gnomic verses pithy and sententious verses, embodying some moral sentiments or precepts

Adsched of Merv a Persian poet of some repute

Pindar (552—442 B.C.), Greek lyric poet well known for his original and subtle thought

Anacreon, of Teos (560—478 B.C.), celebrated lyric poet of Greece He was a poet of pleasure, love and wine

Horace (65—8 B.C.), the Roman lyric poet and satirist whose full name was Quintus Horatius Flaccus As a lyric poet he charms us more by the unsurpassable perfection of his language and his absolute command of metrical expression than by the fervour, the passion and the inspiration that characterise the poetry of Hafiz.

Burns, Robert (1759—1796) was the greatest of the Scottish vernacular poets. In the vernacular he was at his best a supreme artist in words and an unequalled songwriter.

Adam the first man created by God and placed in the garden of Eden (Paradise) where he, along with Eve, lived in a state of happy innocence until their fall (see Gen 1 ff). According to the *Koran* he was expelled from Paradise for having tasted wheat against the orders of his Maker.

Harem the name given by Muslims to those apartments which are appropriated exclusively to the female members of a family. Here harem seems to mean, as it some times does, a mistress or her residence.

Hour the black-eyed damsel of the Mohammadan Paradise, possessed of perpetual youth and beauty.

Bacchanalian, relating to drunken revells, from Bacchus, the Roman God of wine.

Falstaff a fat, sensual, boastful and mendacious knight, full of wit and humour, he was the boon companion of Henry, Prince of Wales (Shakespeare's Henry IV and Merry Wives of Windsor).

Arcturus the brightest star in the northern hemisphere.

Timour (1336—1405), the great conqueror who invaded India towards the close of 1398 A.D. Samarkand and Bokhara formed part of his vast empire.

Chaucer, Geoffrey, English Poet (? 1340—1400) whose *Canterbury Tales* are very famous.

House of Fame Geoffrey Chaucer's well-known poem.

Ben Jonson (? 1573—1637), English poet and dramatist. Two of his comedies, *Every man in his Humour*

mour and Every Man out of his Humour are famous

Cowley, Abraham (1618—1667), English poet, helped with Waller and Denham to establish the heroic couplet. Considered in his life the greatest English poet. Cowley's fame rapidly declined.

Venus, the Zohra of Persian literature, often called "the dancer of the sky." She was the Roman goddess of love. Cupid was her son.

Anatis a star

Pleiades the cluster of stars in the constellation Taurus, especially the seven larger ones out of the great number that compose the cluster, so called by the Greeks, possibly from *plein*, to sail, because they considered navigation safe at the return of the Pleiades, and never attempted it after those stars disappeared.

JUDAS ISCARIOT

Mark Rutherford was the pseudonym of William Hale White (1831—1913). His father was a bookseller, and later a well-known doorkeeper of the House of Commons and author of 'The Inner Life of the House of Commons'. William Hale White's literary career began with the publication in 1881 of 'The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford', followed four years later by its sequel 'Mark Rutherford's Deliverance', both works of intimate spiritual self-revelation, marked by sincerity and depth of feeling and ironic humour. There are about half a dozen imaginative books by him and about half a dozen scholarly works. One of the most valuable features of a good essay is to remind us that on everything much can be said on both sides, and thus by giving us charity of judgment and cultured emotions, to wean us from fanatical extremes. Note the mature thoughtfulness, the caressing grace and tenderness, the fervent righteousness, the sharp-edged logic, the searching analysis of facts, and the fine gesture of the

inspiring close It was not for nothing that Mark Rutherford's first book came out when he was fifty and free from all harshness and hastiness of thought and feeling

Judas Iscariot one of the disciples of Jesus, and his betrayer & as chosen to carry and administer funds "With this came covetousness unfaithfulness and embezzlement" Ultimately he betrayed Jesus to the Jewish authorities for thirty pieces of silver Overcome with the remorse at the dreadful outcome of his crime (condemnation of Christ to death) he hanged himself (Matthew 27 3)

Son of God the Second Person of the Christian Trinity who is co-equal co-eternal and co-substantial with the Father (God), i.e., Christ as a Divine Person

Son of Man Son of God becoming incarnate and so made the son of man 'Son of God who took the nature of man in the womb of the blessed Virgin Mary, and as man bears the name of Jesus or Saviour

John the Apostle one of the disciples, and probably the cousin of Jesus. When on the cross, Christ committed to John the care of his mother.

Anointing at Bethany "Jesus six days before the passover came to Bethany where Lazarus was which had been dead, whom he raised from the dead. Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly and anointed the feet of Jesus. Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son which should betray him. Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? Thus he said not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief and had the bag, and bare what was put therein. (*John* XII 2—6)

Bethany was a village on the slope of the Mount of Olives. Its modern name is El Azariyeh.

Evangelists writers of the gospel, Matthew, Mark, John and Luke.

Last Supper supper which Christ ate with his Twelve Apostles on the evening preceding his crucifixion. On this occasion he said 'Verily I say unto you One of you which eateth with me shall betray me' (*Mark* XIV 18).

Dante Alighieri (1265—1321), the greatest poet of Italy, and one of the two or three greatest poets of the world, in his *Commedia* feigns that in the holy week of the year 1300 (the year of the great jubilee) he was privileged to pass through the realms of the other world, at the intercession of his Beatrice. After crossing the Acheron he enters the first of the nine concentric circles of Hell proper. In Guidecca the lowest round of the ninth and the last hellish circle, where those suffer who have been guilty of treacherous malice to their lords and benefactors, he sees that —

At every mouth his (Satan's) teeth a sinner champed,

Bruised as with ponderous engine, so that three
 Were in this guise tormented. But far more
 Than from that gnawing, was the foremost pang'd
 By the fierce rending, whence oft times the back
 Was stripped of all its skin ' That upper spirit,
 Who hath worst punishment', so spake my guide,
 'Is Judas he that hath his head within
 And plies the feet without'

Inferno, Canto xxxiv

Ignorant Galilean Fishermen the Apostles who were twelve in number corresponding to the twelve tribes of Israel These Apostles were from the lower ranks of life, simple and uneducated

Galilee was a lake of Palestine in the time of Christ
Peter one of the twelve Apostles

Sacred College the assembly of Jewish chief priests and elders 'that too' counsel against Jesus to put him to death"

Confessed his sin *suicide* Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, Saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself. And the chief priests took the silver pieces and said It is no lawful to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood. (Matthew xxii 3—6)

Sathanas Lucifer or Satan

Kerioth the village of Kerioth to which Judas is believed to have belonged whence his surname, Ish Kerioth *man of Kerioth*

GEORGE BORROW AND THE FLAMING TINMAN

George Borrow (1803—81), son of Captain Thomas Borrow, had a wandering boyhood moving about with his father's regiment. Having developed a passion for outdoor life, he got into touch with gipsies and began philological studies which led to his mastery of more than thirty languages. His fame as a writer rests on *The Bible in Spain*, *Lancero*, *The Romany Rye*. In these books he blends fact and fiction, autobiography and purely imaginary incidents with a skill which results in a delicious mixture. Wander lust, the lure of the open road, the breeziness, the rough and tumble of open air adventures are all felt in the writings of this 'super tramp'. His prose has all the zest and warmth of his adventures. Every detail in this piece from *Lancero* makes the blood leap and sends it agog all over. Note the humour of incident and dialogue in this narration.

dangle a low lying piece of ground shaded by trees

black and buff black, because his hair was of that colour, and also probably because he was unshaven, buff—a dull yellow was the colour of his skin

corduroys trousers or breeches made of coarse thick-ribbed cotton stuff, usually worn by labourers

Barcelona handkerchief a large richly coloured handkerchief made at Barcelona in Spain, and worn by Spaniards round the neck

he looks like a ghost pale, white. Borrow had just recovered from an illness

Ingeborg, Queen of Norway, daughter of Haakon of Norway who married Eric of Sweden. Their son Magnus succeeded to the combined Norwegian and Swedish thrones in 1319

lick them beat them

gipsies The word is a corruption of Egyptian, because Egypt was at one time supposed to have been the original home of these wandering tribes. The gipsies gain their living by horse dealing, fortune telling, basket weaving, and mending tin vessels (like the Tinman here). They are found in nearly all European countries, and appear to have come originally from India, as their language Romany, is nearly akin to Hindi—but this is, of course, only a guess.

Long Melford a small town in Suffolk in the east of England. The great house was the workhouse or poor-house. Later on in the passage Long Melford is used facetiously for a long swinging blow delivered with the right hand.

Flaming Tinman Flaming—probably because of the red nightcap and brightly coloured handkerchief he wore.

Morts wives in the language of the gipsies.

I'other ain't your name The other (Black Jack) isn't your real name.

beat The special tract of country which the Flaming Tinman considered his own, in which he used to carry on his profession.

THE TRANSMISSION OF DR JOHNSON'S PERSONALITY

Augustine Birrell (1850—1933), Right Honourable Augustine Birrell died as these notes were being written, November 1933. For nearly half a century he held a position of distinction as politician and parliamentarian. He is the author of about a dozen charming volumes of essays, criticism, biography and miscellaneous writings, all marked by a scholarly ease, cultivated humour, a reminiscent and allusive manner, a fine manly quality, warmth, discernment, a refreshing candour, and, now and then, a Johnsonian downrightness and bluntness which gives to his writings the charm and strength of a pleasant informality. He writes as a literary artist what he feels as a man. He is the greatest authority on Johnson's life and work.

Clarissa Harlowe a very lengthy eighteenth century novel by Samuel Richardson

The Luck of Roaring Camp a well known story of Bret Harte, an American writer

our own annual gathering the meeting of literary people to whom this paper was read

'How happily the days of *Thalaba* went by' a quotation from Southey's descriptive poem entitled *Thalaba*

Beveruto Cellini (1500—71) a famous Italian sculptor, and gold and silver craftsman whose autobiography is one of the most wonderful self revelations

Casanova (1725—98), a dashing and daring Italian adventurer and flirt, who was condemned many times to various terms of imprisonment, escaped nearly always and for twenty years wandered through Europe mixing freely and familiarly with the greatest men and women

Borrow George Borrow (1803—81), see note to the lesson *George Borrow and the Flaming Tinnman*

ties of the age and members of the club over which the great Doctor presided with such dignity

Sir Joshua Sir Joshua Reynolds the famous portrait painter

THE EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY

William Harrison Ainsworth (1805—82) is a story-teller of first rate excellence among the popular novelists if not among the greatest masters of the craft such as Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot whose contemporary he was. Besides editing Bentley's *Miscellany*, and 'Ainsworth's Magazine', he wrote several novels very successful of their kind among which *The Tower of London* is the most famous and almost a classic. His narrative is at once simple graphic, fluid and restrained. The language has a vividness and a dramatic intensity and a balanced ease which makes it an excellent vehicle for the presentation of historical events in the garb of fiction. The present lesson is the last chapter of *The Tower of London*. Of the church of St Peter in the Tower which used to be for about five hundred years a prison for kings and queens and other eminent men Macaulay wrote 'Thither have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts' (*History of England*, c. V).

Lady Jane Grey (1537—54) the 'nine days' queen' of England, and great grand daughter of Henry VII. She was born at Bradgate in Leicestershire. In 1553 Lord Northumberland forced her into marrying his fourth son, Lord Guildford Dudley. On the death of Edward VI she was proclaimed Queen Jane on July 10, 1553. Meanwhile, Mary advanced upon London. On July 19 Jane found herself a prisoner in the Tower, and on February 12, 1554 was

beheaded on Tower Hill on a charge of high treason. She was an exceedingly accomplished scholar, was well versed in feminine accomplishments, and was of a happy and gentle disposition.

halberdiers armed with a halberd (a weapon consisting of a wooden shaft, surmounted by an axe like instrument balanced on the opposite side by a hook)

arquebusers these armed with an old fashioned hand gun

misereere the name by which in catholic usage the penitential 50th Psalm of the Vulgate is commonly known

Note the masculinity and incisiveness of tone of this letter. It is spirited, supple, urbane and polished and yet conversational. It has a fine literary flavour and a remarkable artistry in the movement of its almost dashing sentences.

LETTER TO A YOUNG JOURNALIST

Andrew Lang (1844—1912) is a product of Oxford. He lavished a great part of his powers on journalism, but he adorned most of what he wrote with humour, picturesqueness, a piercing irony and knowledge of folklore and other subjects that seemed boundless. His defect was a lack of concision but his fine passion and gusto, the brilliance of his manner, now bellicose, now warm heartedly partial make him a literary champion to be reckoned with.

wriggle proceed in a mean, grovelling manner

Chronique scandaleuse record of scandals

fogey an old-fashioned person

metier profession

mouchards police spies

peccadilloes petty faults

M Blowitz (1825—1903), an eminent French journalist

M Thiers (1797—1877) a French historian. He was the first President of the Third Republic

LETTER TO HIS MOTHER

Captain Sir Edward Hamilton Westrow Hulse Bart, Scots Guards was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. He was killed in action in France in the Great War on March 12, 1915, at the age of twenty five. This letter is selected from those written by officers who died in the war. They show, says Lord Birkenhead, if the showing be needed, what rising talent was lost for ever in the tragedy of that great holocaust. There are two kinds of letters. One is formal and massive as Andrew Lang's letter is, for instance, or Dr Johnson's famous letter to Lord Chesterfield. The other kind is like the prose of small things, it is light and 'newsy,' as the present letter is. The writer selects a moment of truce in the grim, awful, long-drawn out agony of war, and sends to his mother at home the smallest details of a holiday during the bloodshed of war. Each light and little detail suggests at once the human and the heroic. It expresses the chastened gaiety and even recklessness of those who celebrated their Christmas, as it were, under the very shadow of the valley of death.

Grenadiers now the title in the British army for a regiment of guards

Tipperary is the short name for a popular song, 'It's a long, long way to Tipperary,' written and composed by Jack Judge in 1911. It had an extraordinary vogue during the Great War.

Deutschland über Alles. It means Germany above all and is the burthen of the German national anthem.

souvenir Keepsake

Auld Lang Syne a Scotch song It means "old long
since, long ago"

Comaraderie good fellowship